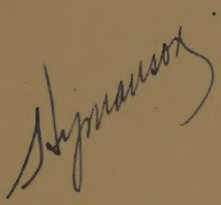
JEWS ARE LIKE THAT!



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BY ANALYTICUS

NEW YORK
BRENTANO'S · PUBLISHERS
1928

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PUBLISHED NOVEMBER, 1928
SECOND PRINTING NOVEMBER, 1928

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INTRODUCTION

Ours is a questioning age: agnostic not so much concerning God as man—his universe, his purpose and place in it, and the all but overwhelming adjustments which it demands of him. The prophet whose voice it will heed must speak to it about itself, must reveal to it the laws of its own being.

The interpretative passion which since the war has been steadily mounting dominates our intellectual life. The vogue of Wells, Spengler, Keyserling, Ludwig, Rolland, the epidemic of outlines and of popularizations, and above all the stream of biographical analysis and interpretation witness our zeal in one form or another for the insearch magnificent.

In America a poet recounts in detail the prairie years of Lincoln's life, a novelist offers a critical interpretation of Washington, a columnist writes of Anthony Comstock, a critic and historian of religion reinterprets Heine. Among the more recent immortals Woodrow Wilson becomes the focal point of a flood of biographical and explicative

light. Nor are the living more—or less—fortunate. Secretary Mellon, Governor Smith, Mr. Tunney, Judge Gary, Mr. Hearst and many more are probed and analysed not only for what they themselves are, but in view of their relation to the whole of contemporary civilization. *The Mirrors of Downing Street* and of *Washington* reflect a tendency as well as personalities.

For biography is clearly the white-headed boy of the present literary mood. Fiction and poetry, the drama and the essay, have been elbowed out of the limelight by our passion for personal and private history. Yet to our credit this may be said. It is a passion arising not so much out of the desire to peep through the keyholes of history into forbidden chambers as out of an intelligent desire to learn how great men have met problems which in a lesser way confront ourselves. Insight into, rather than gossip about them, edges our interest in biography.

The background of the American scene today is Anglo-Saxon. Its foreground is not. Against the older and somberer tradition new groups and their traditions stand out clearly. The slow steady pulse of the Anglo-Saxon rhythm, fundamental though it remains, does not hold the ear as do the staccato

beats of the new peoples which overtone it. The simplicity of the symphony is gone. New instruments have been added. Richer, fuller harmonies must be evolved.

The task is no easy one. Antagonisms become audible; social antipathies, group hostilities will not be silenced. To the more vivid newcomers, the background seems not only stern but bleak, colorless in its repressions and restraints. On Anglo-Saxon ears the new and quicker rhythm of alien peoples jangles bizarre, undisciplined, dangerous. Tolerance is urged, and even practiced on both sides. But conscious tolerance is the surest sign of deep and subtle misunderstanding.

The Jew is a case in point. He is the most assimilated and assimilating being on the American scene—and still an alien being. Passionately, at times pathetically, anxious to "belong"—his clothes, his books, his beard, his diet, his mind have been refashioned to suit American conditions and conventions. He will not, he wills not to be different.

Superficially he has succeeded. Basically he has failed. For his important and growing share in the nation's industry, in its politics, in its sports, in its education, in its culture, do not obscure the fact that into all these spheres the Jew has brought a

quality and a flavour uniquely his. American to his fingertips, he remains inwardly and profoundly, the alien, the exotic, the unconquerable Jew. Not inquisition, nor pale, nor pogrom revealed the eternal Jew, as does the freedom to lose himself which in America is his—freedom which somehow, despite himself, he does not, cannot use.

The men who are the subjects of these studies witness this fact. Justice Brandeis, Ambassador Morgenthau, Nathan Straus, Felix Adler, are significant American figures apart from any other racial or religious bond. Significant but incomplete! Whether in the field of philanthropy or philosophy, of politics or law, it is the Jew in each of them that conditions, that completes the American. They themselves know that this is so, that they are Jews because of something more than the mere accident of birth. They are not all, it is true, joyously Jewish. But, though there are occasional resistances and reservations, they have recognized that whatever else they are or do—they remain Jews.

Both Jew and non-Jew too long have seen the Jewish world in one of two false lights: the calcium glare of professional or amateur anti-Semitism, or the equally false and romantic glow of Jewish and Gentile apologetics. And these two extremes meet

only in the likeness of their unreality. What the Jew really is may be understood a little better by understanding what some Jews actually are.

The objection that Jews are not really like that, that no index to Jewish character as a whole may be taken from the characterizations of a few unusual Jews, that the qualities and the defects, the achievements and the failures of these men are not typical, is irrelevant. There will be no attempt to argue from the particulars of the lives of these men to any general judgment on the American Jew. These pages are not written to catalogue Jewish virtues or to chronicle Jewish vices. They seek neither to state nor to solve the Jewish problem.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Jurist; born Louisville, Ky., November 13, 1856. Educated, Annen Realschule, Dresden, 1873–75; LL.B., Harvard, 1877, Honorary M.A., 1891. Admitted to Bar, St. Louis, Mo., 1878; practise, Boston, 1879–1916. Counsel for Mr. Glavis in Ballinger-Pinchot investigation, 1910, and for Shippers in advanced freight rate investigation before Interstate Commerce Commission, 1910–11; special counsel for the Government in the Riggs National Bank case, 1915; counsel for the People in proceedings involving constitutionality of Oregon and Illinois Women's Ten-hour Law, Ohio Nine-hour Law, California Eight-hour Law, and Oregon Minimum Wage Law, 1907–14, and in preserving the Boston municipal subway system, and the Massachusetts Savings Bank Insurance, 1905, and in opposing the New Haven Monopoly of transportation in New England, 1907–13; chairman Arbitration Board, New York Garment Workers' Strike, 1910. Chairman, Provisional Committee for General Zionist Affairs, 1914–16. Appointed Associate Justice Supreme Court of United States, January, 1916, and assumed office, June, 1916. Author: Other People's Money, 1914; Business a Profession, 1914; and other articles on public franchises, Massachusetts life insurance, wage-earners' life insurance, savings bank insurance, scientific management, labor problems, railroads and trusts, Zionism and Jewish Problems.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

MEN find it difficult to speak or write of Louis D. Brandeis without using superlatives. Superlatives of two kinds—praise or condemnation. For Brandeis is a controversial figure; his mood, his mind, his achievements are essentially of turmoil and strife. He does not induce in men those qualities of calmness and detachment which are the prerequisites of just appraisal. Men hate or love him. He is the object of their reverence—or of their wrath. Until the confirmation of his appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States men spoke of him either as a devoted and selfless servant of the public weal or as a muckraking demagogue and charlatan. And while the former opinion grows with the increasingly distinguished record of his career on the bench, his enemies, though silenced, have not forgotten, and there are offices and drawing-rooms in his own city of Boston and elsewhere in which the name of Brandeis remains anathema.

Explicably so, for Brandeis has strong, almost stubborn, convictions regarding some very contro-

versial subjects. Democracy, law, justice, freedom —these are the themes upon which the mind of Brandeis has dwelt since his youth. But it has not dwelt upon them merely as abstract concepts. They have been the most real things in Brandeis' world. He studied, pondered over, lived with them so long that they became vital problems, questions of immediate import. Concerning them he came to hold such definite views that what to other men appeared as cases to be argued, to Brandeis seemed causes for which to battle. And battle he did.

It seems as if he entered the profession of the law for that very purpose. It was in 1905 that he said, speaking to the students of Harvard University, "The industrial world is in a state of ferment . . . the people's thought will take shape in action; and it lies with us, with you to whom in part the future belongs, to say on what lines the action is to be expressed; whether it is to be expressed wisely and temperately, or wildly and intemperately; whether it is to be expressed on lines of evolution or on lines of revolution. Nothing can better fit you for taking part in the solution of these problems than the study and preëminently the practice of the law . . . There is a call upon

the legal profession to do a great work for this country." A man who took seriously this high conception of the lawyer's function could hardly fail, in an era admittedly one marked by wholesale theft of public possessions, to engage in long and bitter contests to safeguard and to advance the people's rights. Brandeis took so prominent a part in such contests for more than twenty years that, while from the masses he earned the title, "the people's lawyer," the interests and organizations which he fought thought and spoke of him in rather less complimentary terms. The Ballinger Investigation, the Oregon case for limiting the hours of work for women, the fight on the New Haven Railroad, on the traction interests and on some of the largest trusts in America, won for Brandeis a host of friends—and enemies.

Though the best part of Brandeis' life has been spent in battles for public causes, and though even today, dwelling in the Olympian remoteness of the world's most stately court, he is still fighting those battles, he is neither by instinct nor by desire combative or truculent. He is no Roosevelt. He does not love battle for its own sake; he never fights for sport. In his fight, for example, against the

New Haven Railroad he remained unperturbed under savage criticism. His attacks ceased, however, a year before the final crash which he had predicted came, and, when asked to participate in one of the last assaults upon the Railroad's mismanagement, he refused with the remark: "That fight does not need me any more. Time and arithmetic will do the rest."

Those who know Brandeis best feel that he fights only because there is no other way, that he fights not as a first but as a last resort, that he welcomes peace. But to one of his temperament peace can be achieved only on one condition. Peace with honor does not interest him. He must have peace with victory. For the causes in which he battles seem to him so important, so sacred, that in their prosecution temporary respite and compromise are as unthinkable as surrender.

As a result he has been a fighter all his life—a fighter relentless, ruthless, terribly effective. At times, almost too effective. In his examination of witnesses in the Ballinger Investigation, his associates feared lest he should prove too devastating and arouse sympathy for the very witnesses from whom he was eliciting, by what might be termed an intellectual third degree, the evidences of guilt.

He is so effective a fighter as to seem at times inhuman.

Perhaps it is this very effectiveness that earned for him such bitter enmity from those he fought. Certainly other men had attacked the financial interests, railed against the trusts. Even Roosevelt had protested against the malefactors of great wealth—and the malefactors had remained undismayed. For Roosevelt, they soon discovered, was content in the main to utter general denunciation, to coin pungent epigrams, and then to turn the searchlight of his restless attention elsewhere. Brandeis was not. Instead he worked, uncovered facts, won verdicts. Other men who had opposed the trusts had been ignored, or bought, or beaten. Brandeis could be dealt with in none of these ways.

His method of fighting was one against which the interests had and could find no defense. He did not generalize nor indulge in extravagant rhetoric: his charges were based on mathematical calculations; his denunciations dealt with decimals; his philippics were of percentages. A muckraker who was a mathematician, a reformer with a genius for financial accountancy—this was an opponent whom the trusts could not laugh, or buy, or beat out of court.

As a result he became the most feared and hated figure in the world of high finance and great industrial combinations.

But if Brandeis fought with the very weapons which his antagonists forged, if he attacked them on their own ground, it was not because his mind like theirs, was concerned primarily with profits and losses, with wastes and with economies. A deeper interest underlay his concern with these things. Just as Brandeis fought when he found that there was no other way to gain the ends he wished, so he schooled and trained himself to fight as he did, because he saw that in that way only could he hope to win his battles. The source of his interest in these conflicts was a far cry from the manner he employed in waging them. It grew out of profound convictions regarding the nature and needs of an industrial democracy. "Can this contradiction—our grand political liberty and this industrial slavery—long co-exist? Either political liberty will be extinguished or industrial liberty will be restored." Brandeis the statistician and the economist served but never dominated Brandeis the idealist.

Moreover, a political, an ethical enthusiasm suffused the economic theories which Brandeis advanced. "An eager straining after righteousness

seems somehow to underlie any characteristic outburst of Mr. Brandeis' eloquence. It is that which makes his oratory, despite the lawyer-like quality of sticking close to facts and figures, often move an audience whom no mere spellbinder could stir. He sees things of the spirit even while he talks about participating insurance policies or rates on shoe shipments." It is said that at the end of his final plea in the Ballinger case the almost religious fervor of his own conviction communicated itself to his hearers, and created an atmosphere not customary in an investigation of that sort.

When in 1916 President Wilson appointed Brandeis to the Supreme Court, the fight made on him was long and bitter—incredibly bitter, unless one takes into account the enmities which Brandeis had aroused. The foes whom, for almost a generation, Brandeis had been accumulating felt that at last the opportunity had come to destroy him. His appointment was denounced as ludicrously unfitting. The President himself was assailed for the "insult he had offered to the Supreme Court." Protests and accusations piled up in Washington and for a time it seemed that the appointment would not be confirmed.

Even stronger forces than the opposition of the

Interests were at work to defeat Mr. Brandeis. The first reaction of the whole country, friends and foes alike, to his appointment had been one of astonishment. His ability was unquestioned even by his bitterest enemies. But his ability had been displayed in fields from which members of the Supreme Court were not customarily chosen. That the President should select so militantly partisan a figure as Brandeis for the supposedly cloistered serenity of the Supreme Court astounded nearly every one. A committee of investigation was appointed by the Senate to sift the charges against Mr. Brandeis as well as to report on his fitness for office.

The charges against him ranged all the way from temperamental unfitness for the bench, to gross and slanderous accusations as to the personal motives of President Wilson in making the appointment. Between these extremes lay charges of unprofessional and unethical conduct at the bar. The country was keenly watching what the result would be. The great examiner, the investigator of the conduct of others, was himself under investigation. How would his own record bear scrutiny?

The final triumph of Mr. Brandeis, without his having taken a single step in his own behalf, took the form of a complete vindication. Records were

searched, charges revived or improvised, motives twisted. All to no avail. Not a shred of evidence could be advanced to prove the charges. At the end of the investigation the character and the record of Mr. Brandeis stood out in towering contrast to the rancorous and petty malice of his accusers.

One charge, one accusation only, made against him could not be, was not, disproven—the charge of liberal bias and partisanship, the accusation that he had battled on every possible occasion for a reinterpretation of social law and a reawakening of the legal and social conscience of the nation. Mr. Brandeis was justly accused of being unwilling merely to interpret, to administer, to uphold the law as it existed. He had at the bar, he would on the bench, seek to mould, to direct, to change it. For law to Mr. Brandeis has never been an end in itself. It has always been a means—a means to a social end. And to that concept of the law he had been dangerously, recklessly steadfast.

Moreover in its behalf he had dared to oppose the great interests. Senator Walsh put the thing squarely: "The real crime of which this man is guilty is that he has exposed the iniquities of men in high places in our financial system. He

has not stood in awe of the majesty of wealth."

But if this "crime" had invoked upon Mr. Brandeis the wrath of the objects of his exposure, it brought to him also a befitting recompense in the loyalty of those who held it to be worthy of highest public gratitude and recognition. Among those who viewed it in this light was President Wilson. A friend of Mr. Brandeis and of the President, who urged one of the Senate leaders to help in the fight for Mr. Brandeis' confirmation, was told that the President did not really wish him confirmed, had simply submitted his name as a sop to liberal opinion in the country. The President was informed of this opinion of his action. A few days later, in a letter to Senator Culberson, he made his own feeling in the matter clear. His tribute is eloquent, not only touching Mr. Brandeis, but also of a capacity not usually attributed to him, that of recognizing greatness in others. "Let me say by summing up, my dear Senator, that I nominated Mr. Brandeis for the Supreme Court because it was and is my deliberate judgment that, of all the men now at the bar whom it has been my privilege to observe, test, and know, he is exceptionally qualified. I cannot speak too highly of his impartial, impersonal, orderly and constructive mind, his rare analytical

powers, his deep human sympathy, his profound acquaintance with the historical roots of our institutions and insight into their spirit, or of the many evidences he has given of being imbued to the very heart with our American ideals of justice and equality of opportunity; of his knowledge of modern economic conditions and of the way they bear upon the masses of the people, or of his genius in getting persons to unite in common and harmonious action and look with frank and kindly eyes into each other's minds who had before been heated antagonists. This friend of justice and of men will ornament the high court of which we are all so justly proud."

The confirmation of Mr. Brandeis was more than a party triumph, more even than a personal vindication of Mr. Brandeis' record. It was a triumph and a vindication of the principles of Mr. Brandeis' public life and work. It was a mandate to him to apply those principles to the interpretation of American law. And to that mandate he has been faithful. In its service he has stood in a minority—albeit a great minority. Great not only because with Justice Brandeis has stood one of the foremost judges in American history, Justice Holmes, but because the minority which they together constitute is playing an unequaled part in socializing the atti-

tude of America toward what have heretofore been regarded as merely legal problems. At seventy-two and eighty-eight, respectively, Justice Brandeis and Justice Holmes find that they are not yet old enough to put off the armour of the legal conflict in which for more than half a century they have been engaged. It seems that to the end there will always be for both of them one fight more!

The storminess of Brandeis' legal career has an almost exact parallel in the only other major activity of his life, in his career as a Jew. To understand that career, its strange inception, its vibrant intensity, its sudden end, one must remember the training, the background of the man. It has been charged against Brandeis, it was urged against him at the time of his appointment to the Supreme Court, that until his fiftieth year he had been a lax, an indifferent Jew. The charge was, in a sense, true. In Louisville, Kentucky, where he was born, in Germany where he was educated, in his practice at the American bar, he had never participated in Jewish affairs. He had not sought to evade the fact that he was a Jew; it had not been necessary. But the interests, the association, the purposes of his

life had brought him into no direct contact with things Jewish.

But in 1910 by one of those chances, in which there seems to be something deeper and more significant than chance, Brandeis was invited to serve as chairman of the Arbitration Board of the Garment Workers' Strike in New York. In that capacity he came for the first time into close contact with great masses of Jews, with Jewish problems. The successful, socially conservative Jews whom he had casually met during his life had not aroused in him any sense of spiritual kinship. But here was a very different type of Jew. Intellectually keen, with a passion for social progress and a sense of deep spiritual dissatisfaction, these young Jews and their problems were immediately sympathetic to the spirit of Brandeis.

Through them, for the first time in his life, Brandeis was impelled to turn his mind to a consideration of the implications of his own Jewishness. He set himself to analyse, to ponder, to envisage the Jewish question in its entirety. He did not deceive himself. He knew that he could not feel and know this problem in the instinctive, inevitable way that these Jews knew and felt it. His approach to it must of necessity be different from theirs, an approach of

the intellect, a conscious, an American approach.

He thought through the whole problem as he might have thought through a question of constitutional law. Though his approach to it was very different from that of those Jews with whom he had suddenly come into contact, the conclusion which he reached and the decision based upon it was identical with theirs. Brandeis thought himself into Jewish life.

He came to the conviction that only as a Jew—consciously, courageously Jewish—could he and other Jews in America completely play their part as Americans. Far from losing his Jewish identity, Brandeis came to believe that for America's sake the Jew must fortify and enrich American life by a passion for social justice, a tradition of spiritual adventure, essentially Jewish, and, to Brandeis' mind, the profoundest need of American democracy. "The twentieth century ideals of America," Brandeis wrote, "have been the ideals of the Jew for more than twenty centuries." In America he must *as a Jew* transform them into reality. The Jew in America, Brandeis saw, could be truly an American only in so far as he was worthily a Jew.

But Brandeis' envisagement of the Jewish prob-

lem did not end here. At once his contact with Jewish life brought him an understanding of the world-wide significance and character of the Jewish problem. The Jews' sense of spiritual homelessness, his racial nostalgia, quickly penetrated to Brandeis' almost femininely intuitive mind. He saw that whatever the opportunities of his fellow-Jews in America, the need of the Jews of the world was for a land, a home of their own.

It was through that perception that Brandeis came to believe in and to champion the Zionist cause. Zionism, which he has conceived of always as a reawakening of the Jewish spirit everywhere, made possible through a repossession by Jews of the Land of Israel, appealed to him as the one valid hope of the Jewish people. To Brandeis Zionism was only secondarily a movement for the return of Jews to Palestine. Primarily its purpose, its worth lay in the effect which the return of Palestine to the Jew would have on Jewish life. With characteristic vigor and decision, Brandeis threw himself into the Zionist movement. It mattered not a whit that Zionism was in 1913 at its lowest ebb, that it was unpopular with those Jewish philanthropists who considered charity and statesmanship interchangeable terms. The idea behind it was

sound; the cause was just and imperative. For Brandeis that sufficed.

He assumed the leadership of the movement, not because he sought leadership but because it was inevitably accorded to him. The same qualities which in public investigations had moved associate counsel to draw into the background and leave the field to Brandeis, whose mastery of any subject which he touched was outstanding, made themselves felt in Jewish life. Sometimes against bitter opposition! The second and third rate men who had passed for leaders until the coming of Brandeis quite explicably resented the intrusion of a leadership that was of the highest type. The Jewish masses welcomed and followed it. And the story of Brandeis' legal career was in a sense reënacted upon the Jewish scene.

As Brandeis had touched other causes in which he engaged with something of the greatness that is a reflection of his own spirit, so his leadership brought into Jewish life a nobleness which had not touched it before—a certain loftiness of purpose and spirit. Men find him impersonal, aloof, in a sense, unapproachable. But there is a moral warmth, a spiritual heat in him which in the furtherance of great causes melt the barriers which his austere per-

sonality erects. Met on his own level—and he is incapable of adjustment to any level save his own—he draws and holds men to him. To be near him is an experience in exaltation. One of his associates in the Zionist movement said of him, "To take counsel with Brandeis in a cause was ethically bracing. His leadership meant to us who stood with him a choice of the highest way, moral invigoration to meet the difficulties that lay ahead, a mystic something which was morally fortifying and spiritually renewing." To the Zionist movement he brought a clarification of its ideal, and a program of detailed and intensive efficiency for the translation of that ideal into action. Under his guidance it became equal to the great opportunity which came to it.

The story of that opportunity, of the transformation of what had generally seemed an impossible dream into reality, has passed into Jewish and into world history. Brandeis' part in it examples the effect which an ideal and a vision, intelligently and earnestly pursued, may have upon the solution of great problems. Now it may be told without violation of confidence that the issuance of the Balfour Declaration which assured to the Jews of the world that Palestine might become the National Jewish Homeland, its support by President Wilson, and

its subsequent recognition by international agreement, would have been unthinkable save for the efforts of American Zionists under the leadership of Brandeis.

Indeed it becomes difficult, when one recalls the influence which Justice Brandeis exerted over, and the magnitude of his achievements in, Jewish life, to realize that his active leadership therein lasted less than seven years. For since 1921 Brandeis has had no directive part in Jewish affairs nor will he, despite wilfully or unwittingly false rumors to the contrary, ever reassume the leadership which for a time was his. He is as much a figure of the Jewish past as Theodore Herzl.

Just as his advent into Jewish life brought it new dignity and worth, so his withdrawal from it has meant a corresponding loss. Yet that withdrawal seems now to have been almost inevitable. For the Jewish, like the American people, do not seem to be consistently capable of meeting the standard which leadership like that of Brandeis implies and demands. That standard is one of a meticulous sense of justice, of absolute honesty in dealing, of ruthless efficiency. It is a standard which will tolerate no stooping to ignoble means, no matter how effective, for the gaining of noble ends. It is

a standard which insures that, whether the guerdon of its toil be won or not, there shall be no taint of unworthiness in the striving.

In the war years the force of Brandeis' personality, the impact of his spirit, lifted and for a time bore along with it the Jewish cause which he made his own. But, as to all the other peoples of the world, so there came into Jewish life at the close of the war, a feeling of frustration, a reaction of disillusionment, a breakdown in morale. And in that mood the spiritual austerity of Brandeis' leadership came to seem so much of a reproach as to be unwelcome and intolerable. And Brandeis cannot compromise. "Jews," he once said, "who know the ritual law should understand that there can be no compromise between clean and unclean things!"

A greater leader might have been more patient, might have bided his time and slowly, gently, painfully, won back his people to the heights of his own vision. But Brandeis' forte has never been patience. The scrupulous integrity of his own mind he exacts from others. And he is utterly impatient with the unworthinesses and shortcomings so very common to most men which he himself has outgrown. The gentle kindliness of a Lincoln towards human frailties he does not share or know.

Perhaps it is that very impatience, that intolerance which makes him great—and keeps him from being supremely so. At least he has the quality of his defect. And that quality has infused something of its moral militancy into every cause which has engaged his support. As much as any man of his generation in America, he has sought and served to strengthen those foundations of social equity upon which progress that is something more than superficial must be built. To the Jewish People he has rendered a twofold service. First, in the great part he played in making real the age-old dream of Israel's return to its ancient land; even greater, has been his service to his fellow-Jews in America whom by example and by noblest exhortation he has shown that a courageous self-reverencing Jewish loyalty cannot be contradictory to, but must inevitably serve and supplement, Americanism worthy of the name. It is not too much to say of Brandeis that he is a great American. Nor is the title, "greatest of living Jews," which has been bestowed upon him, an exaggeration. One even wonders whether one may not, paraphrasing the word of Lowell on Lincoln, say of him, that on the new soil of America he has in himself given birth anew to his people's soul as "the first American Jew."

HENRY MORGENTHAU

HENRY MORGENTHAU

Financier, diplomat; born Mannheim, Germany, April 26, 1856; came to America, 1866. Educated College City of New York; LL.B., 1877. Director Underwood Typewriter Company; Director Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States, 1915–1921; President Herald Square Realty Co.; Chairman Finance Committee, Democratic National Committee, 1912 and 1916. Ambassador to Turkey, Sublime Port, 1913–16; member of mission appointed by President Wilson, June, 1919, to investigate conditions in Poland. Nominated as Ambassador to Mexico, March, 1920. Chairman of Greek Refugee Settlement Commission, 1923. An incorporator American National Red Cross; Vice-Chairman Near East Relief; Director of The Institute of International Education; President Economic Club, 1919–20. Author: Ambassador Morgenthau's Story, 1918; All in a Lifetime, 1922.

HENRY MORGENTHAU

OF WILLIAM JAMES it was said that he wrote psychology which read like fiction. Henry Morgenthau, whose literary ventures have been confined to the field of autobiography, seems to possess the same trick. His is the fictional mind. For though he writes of men and events that are a part of history, his touch is not that of the historian. The events with which he deals are historical, but they are like bits of glass seen in a kaleidoscope where a series of advantageously placed mirrors throws them into beautiful and intricate patterns.

Such a pattern Mr. Morgenthau has prepared, in this case a pattern enhancing the central motif of his own importance, naively believing perhaps that since the mirrors are not visible to the naked eye it may be possible to perpetuate the illusion which for a moment he has been able to create. He has evidently forgotten that when one turns from kaleidoscopes—mechanical or literary—reality re-asserts itself all the more strongly. And in the light

of reality the charming patterns of Mr. Morgenthau are patterns and nothing more.

Paraphrasing the word of Goethe one might say of Mr. Morgenthau's self-histories[1]: Things unbelievable—here they are done! Yet the algeresque note in the story of Mr. Morgenthau's rise from errand-boy in a New York law-office to Ambassador Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the Ottoman Empire is not the sole evidence of a romantically tinged imagination. In that respect indeed Mr. Morgenthau's song of himself is merely another version of Mr. Edward Bok's very autobiography—transposed from the Dutch to the Semitic key.

Unlike Mr. Bok, however, Mr. Morgenthau's activities have not been limited to big business, the Ladies' Home Journal, and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Partly through accident, partly through design, he was launched on a career of politics and diplomacy during a critical decade in the world's history. In the offices which he filled, in the duties which he performed during that time, he was conscientious, kindly, courageous. So much the record of his service shows. But Mr. Morgenthau has not seen fit to trust to the judgment of history as to

[1] *Ambassador Morgenthau's Story* and *All in a Lifetime.*

the place which he is to occupy. Perhaps his activities in the Red Cross have prompted him to offer a little historical first aid. At all events, as an expert in real estate and the stock-market, he knows the occasional value of forcing a market, and in the two volumes which tell of his part in world-affairs he has done just that. He can, however, hardly be unaware of the risk which such a step involves. To force a market for a commodity is to create for it a face value above its actual value; the danger lying in the possibility that the two values may be found not to correspond, and in the depreciation of the actual value which is then almost inevitable.

Mr. Morgenthau's commodity in this case is Mr. Morgenthau. But in drawing a picture of great events and personalities and allowing them to seem to revolve about his own, he has taken the risk of inviting the suspicion that he is a smaller man than is actually the case. To write of the World War, President Wilson's election, the Peace Conference and similar trivial matters as the peripheral events in the career of Henry Morgenthau, will not alter anyone's opinion of them. Such a lack of perspective merely verges on the grotesque. Verges indeed so far on the grotesque that one is tempted to forget that, while Mr. Morgenthau is not so big a

man as he would have us believe, he is not on the other hand so insignificant as a comparison of his writings with reality would lead us to imagine.

A lesser man than Mr. Morgenthau would not have presumed to his sublimely audacious egocentricity. A greater man would have been beyond it. Perhaps the truest explanation of the man is to be found in that very quality of his nature. This virtue it possesses at least: that it is innocent, unconscious, natural. Mr. Morgenthau's preoccupation with himself is not studied or superficial; it is the self-centeredness of the child—charming, inevitable, profound. One wishes in reading his autobiographies that he had told more of his earlier childhood.

It can hardly be claimed that this interpretation of Mr. Morgenthau is original. When "All in a Lifetime" was first announced for publication Samuel Untermeyer ventured the caustic inquiry as to just what was meant by the mysterious word *All*. His imputation of so overwhelming a conceit as an italicized *All* would imply is probably unjust to Mr. Morgenthau. It may, however, serve as the starting point of a study of the man and of his mood.

The record of his early life is hardly impressive. The breadth of opportunity in America during the

post-middle decades of the last century makes of success in the material world more a sign of the times than an index of ability. Yet even from boyhood there are indications of his future career. Born, like his distinguished co-financier Otto H. Kahn, in Mannheim, Germany, he became an American at the age of ten. Almost immediately the outstanding characteristic of the man appears: a strong and clearly defined ambition, an ambition first of all to do well whatever job was assigned to him, an ambition of set routine rather than of free purpose; the love of success and of the position which success would insure. As student, as law clerk, as lawyer, as business promoter and organizer, the young Morgenthau showed just those traits which he was later to display in diplomatic affairs: honesty, good-will, and vision of a somewhat limited kind.

But Mr. Morgenthau lets it be known very early that the spiritual side of his development was also an important part of his ambition. To render grateful recompense to the land of his adoption, to serve his fellowmen through the agencies of social work, were ideals held side by side in his youthful dreams with visions of wealth and honor and social recognition. Yet until he was more than fifty years old,

they remained ideals and little more. Until then they were put into a sort of intellectual cold storage, kept in an air-tight compartment, relegated to the capacious recesses of the subconscious. Despite minor participation from time to time in civic affairs, despite an indecisive interest first in the Ethical Culture Movement, and later in the Free Synagogue, Mr. Morgenthau says, "By the time I had attained the competency which had been my ambition, I had become fascinated with money-making as a game . . . and I realized, with astonishment and dismay, how far the swift tide of business had swept me from the course I had charted for my life in youth. I was ashamed to realize that I had neglected the nobler path of duty. I resolved . . . to devote the rest of my life to making good the better resolutions of my boyhood."

In other words Mr. Morgenthau's idealism had been kept pretty safely out of harm's way during the best years of his life. That that idealism might have suffered through this neglect never seems to have occurred to him. Nor does he seem to share Thoreau's opinion that "This spending of the best part of one's life earning money in order to enjoy a questionable liberty during the least valuable part of it, reminds me of the Englishman who went

to India to make a fortune first, in order that he might return to England and lead the life of a poet. He should have gone up garret at once."

But better late than never. Even when, in 1910, Mr. Morgenthau took down the happy warrior's rather rusted armor from his office wall, he did not suspect that it might not be as gleaming as when he put it off. But as Mr. Morgenthau would be the first to admit, he is a man of deeds and not of theories. Let us turn to the field of action.

Mr. Morgenthau all through his life had been a specialist in investments. The proceeds of two of them had made him a wealthy man. They were the Underwood Typewriter, and Bronx Real Estate. In 1912 he made his third eminently successful investment. It was in the presidential candidacy of Woodrow Wilson. The two men met through the instance of their mutual friend, Rabbi Wise, at a dinner of the Free Synagogue of which Mr. Morgenthau was the president. He fell immediately under the spell of Wilson's greatness of mind and spirit. He threw himself into the pre-nomination fight, giving liberally to it of strength and substance. That fight, and the election that followed, are American history. Mr. Morgenthau's part in them and in the more difficult 1916 campaign is

not the least valid claim to immortality which his autobiography advances.

Following Wilson's election, it was pretty generally known that Mr. Morgenthau desired and expected a cabinet appointment. The newspapers made frequent mention of his name in connection with the post of Secretary of the Treasury. President Wilson decreed otherwise. Whatever opinion he had of Mr. Morgenthau's ability, he did not choose to avail himself of it for intimate and daily use. Yet Mr. Morgenthau had rendered services for which he was as appreciative as it was possible for so essentially an impersonal leader of men to be. And a President, except by a few rare spirits, is expected to demonstrate appreciation tangibly. He offered to Mr. Morgenthau the Ambassadorship to Turkey.

Events since 1914 have so altered the face of the diplomatic globe that it is difficult for most of us to recall the pre-war status of certain of its centers. Turkey particularly assumed during the war a position infinitely more important, at least as far as American diplomacy was concerned, than that which it had previously held. Before that time the Turkish Embassy was distinctly a second-rate post. Two Jews had held it prior to Wilson's ad-

ministration. Mr. Morgenthau felt that his acceptance of the appointment might seem to confirm it in the popular mind as the only diplomatic post open to Jews. He declined the appointment.

Mr. Morgenthau and others have told of the efforts made to induce him to accept it. The President himself urged him to do so. Mr. Morgenthau's account of their conversation is illuminating. After he tells how he made clear the grounds of his refusal, he adds the following: "As I left the President, he gave me a look which is hardly describable." One wonders just what the almost indescribable look bestowed on Mr. Morgenthau by the President implied. Mr. Morgenthau's interpretation is not left in doubt. "He was sadly disappointed that he had not been able to dominate my decision."

There is the story, too, of Secretary of State Bryan's attempt to urge Mr. Morgenthau to accept the Turkish Ambassadorship. After a careful enumeration of the possibilities of service and distinction which the appointment offered, Bryan, the crusader, brought the big gun of his argument into play. "And think, Mr. Morgenthau, think," he concluded, "what an opportunity will be yours of winning the heathen to Christianity!" Singularly

enough, Mr. Morgenthau remained unmoved by this appeal.

Six months later, however, Mr. Morgenthau came to see things differently. Perhaps the President's "hardly describable look" haunted him. Perhaps his sense of proportion adjusted itself a little more accurately. Perhaps the urging of his friends prevailed upon him. At all events, when the post was tendered to him for the second time he accepted it.

After the first uneventful months of his residence in Constantinople, which included a visit to Palestine, the war broke and Mr. Morgenthau's post, from being an executive sinecure with chiefly social duties, became overnight a center of arduous and delicate diplomatic service. American neutrality gave to our Embassy a status which was advantageous but difficult: advantageous because America was the one great nation with the exception of the Central Powers to continue to maintain an Embassy; difficult because, in the tragic events which quickly followed, humanitarian motives inevitably conflicted with the niceties of diplomatic procedure.

Mr. Morgenthau's part in these events, his ceaseless insistence on the rights of individuals of the

various allied nations, whose interests he undertook to safeguard, and above all his devoted, though eventually unsuccessful, efforts to avert the tragedy of Armenian sufferings, were characteristic of the man. As he had eagerly seized opportunities for self-advancement, so here he served gladly the bitter necessities of others, bringing to bear upon these intensely practical problems the experience and energy which in very different situations had brought him personal success.

What he achieved at this time was something better than success, and he achieved it because here was no conflict of ideas, no questions of far-reaching policy and purpose. To save lives, to relieve suffering, to salvage human wrecks, were practical tasks for which Mr. Morgenthau's nature, warm, loving and lovable, tremendously human and kindly, perfectly fitted him. Mr. Morgenthau's statesmanship, particularly in later events, is open to very serious question. There can be no question as to the service rendered by him to the unjustly treated of all creeds and races in what has been called the Turkish assassinocracy of the war days.

It is interesting to note that, until Mr. Morgenthau's activities brought him into direct contact with Jewish problems and Jewish perplexities, his polit-

ical performances and pronouncements had been subject only to praise. In 1918, however, he began to take an active part in world Jewish affairs. Since that time whatever glory is to be found in unanimity of approval has been denied him. Morgenthau, the American diplomat, had been blame- or, at least, criticism-proof. Morgenthau, the Jewish statesman, was not.

One ought perhaps in this connection to speak of Mr. Morgenthau as an *un*-Jew in order to understand the attitude of his fellow-Jews towards his Jewish activities. Had he been such a *non*-Jewish Jew as Bernard Baruch in America or Reading in England, a Jew who happened to go into politics and to gain distinction, there would have been for him admiration, a sense of pride in his achievements. For such men, although they do not seek to deny that they are Jews, are in effect Jews almost wholly "by the accident of their birth." In their work, in their interests, in their careers, they have sought and have had almost no contacts with Jewish life. An attitude of aloofness lends them immunity from the penetratingly critical analysis of their fellow-Jews. As show-Jews they are let alone.

At the other extreme are Jews like Nathan Straus, Stephen Wise, Louis Marshall, distin-

guished for many things but at all times utterly devoted to Jewish causes and interests. Theirs, to be sure, is no immunity from criticism, criticism severe, even savage at times. But there is an awareness on their people's part that when they err their errors are of the head and not of the heart; that, if they do not always plan and execute wisely, their mistakes are at least not due to a superficial or casual quality in their Jewishness. As Jews to the core they are forgiven much.

Mr. Morgenthau belongs to neither of these groups. He had not the undetached coolness to cut himself off completely from Jewish life. Neither had he the necessary impulse of devotion or of loyalty to throw himself whole-heartedly into it. As a result he made the fatal mistake of hovering about its edge, offering advice unsought and unwanted from without, venturing part-time Jewish interest and suggestions. In short he attempted to coquette rather than counsel with Jewish leaders, and with Jewish masses. And he was surprised to find his leadership à la mode rejected by an eternal people!

It is something more than his failure to understand those national and historic Jewish aspirations, which have taken present-day form in Zionist

endeavor, that has won for him the distinction of being Jewishly the most unloved Jew of his time. An expert in land values might quite explicably be found incapable of grasping the spiritual significance of a land. And there have been other non-Zionist, even anti-Zionist, leaders of the Jewish life who have won the respect and the love of the Jewish masses.

It is the quality rather of Mr. Morgenthau's anti-nationalism and anti-Zionism which have so alienated him from Jewish thought and feeling. In it there is evidenced an almost unbelievable blindness to the needs and the sufferings of the Jewish people the world over. Again and again Mr. Morgenthau has spoken of America as the promised land, of American opportunities for Jews, of his unwillingness to have anything interfere for a moment with his position as an American. "We have fought our way through to liberty, equality, and fraternity. . . . No one shall rob us of these gains. . . . We Jews of America have found America to be our Zion. Therefore I refuse to allow myself to be called a Zionist. I am an American."

Forget for a moment the almost hysterical note in the foregoing American rhapsody. Ignore its rather pathetic insistence (an insistence not of

strength but of weakness, for strength needs no iterative insistence) on the security of the Jew's American position. Overlook the somewhat too loud and wholly uncalled for protestations of American loyalty. Ascribe all these things to what Ludwig Lewisohn calls the dying gasps of a bankrupt Jewish assimilationism. This fact remains in Jewish minds. When Mr. Morgenthau wrote and spoke in the tone of the above quotation, he inevitably created the impression among Jews that, in the endeavor to safeguard his own paradise, even though it might be a false one, he was indifferent and callous to the difficulties and woes of more than half the Jews of the world. As an American Mr. Morgenthau was free to think, if he chose, nationally. But if he wished to think Jewishly and to have his thought taken seriously, then Jewish opinion demanded that he face the international implications of the Jewish problem. To ignore them were folly; to deny them, even worse. Yet Mr. Morgenthau in effect did both. He has seemed to be one of those who, Jewishly at least, "if their own front door is shut, will swear the whole world's warm."

And what has seemed hardest of all to forgive in Mr. Morgenthau's attitude has been his apparent sinning against the light. Perhaps as much as

any Western Jew he has had an opportunity to know the conditions of Jewish life, to see the stark reality of its bitterness: "The indignities and the perils they (the Jews) endured; the hatred of their neighbors because of their religion; the deliberate efforts that were made to stifle their economic life; the political discriminations to which they were subjected; and the social barriers which did not permit them to enjoy a full life as members of their community." That a Jew who had seen these things should be as blind to Jewish needs as Mr. Morgenthau seems to be is almost inexplicable. And there is always the memory of his Polish Mission.

In the early days of 1919 President Wilson, urged by Paderewski, appointed a commission to find out the facts about the anti-Jewish excesses being committed in Poland. Protests in Europe and America influenced him to take this step and he appointed Mr. Morgenthau as head of the commission over Mr. Morgenthau's objection that as a Jew it might perhaps be wiser for him not to serve in the investigation. How right Mr. Morgenthau's intuition was the result demonstrated.

Mr. Morgenthau went with the commission to Poland. He met Jews and Poles; he gathered facts; he sifted evidence; he compiled statistics. And then

he returned to America bringing a report so utterly inadequate to the real needs of the situation, so devoid of understanding of the tragic conditions of the Jewish people in Poland, so lacking in firmness of moral insistence on the righting of grievous wrongs and terrible injustice, that the Jewish world stood aghast at what he had done. Where there should have been condemnation there was explanation. For a justified and much needed righteous wrath were substituted the too balanced platitudes of a rotarian plea for co-operation and harmony between Jew and Gentile in the future. Co-operation, forsooth, in a land where Jews had been made to suffer so terribly that, as one of them put it, life had been deprived of all its worth!

The reaction to the report was swift. Morgenthau was called a betrayer of his people; he was accused of having sold out to Poland—charges that were absurd and utterly groundless. But how else explain the Morgenthau report? It is not really difficult. Considered unemotionally, it is almost self-explanatory.

Mr. Morgenthau went to Poland under a handicap, the handicap of his being a Jew. Not for nothing had Paderewski achieved the reputation of being one of the cleverest diplomats of Europe.

He knew the limitations under which Mr. Morgenthau would of necessity labor, and he correctly gauged his man and the way in which he would meet them. As a Jew dealing with a Jewish problem, Morgenthau, the American, could be counted on to be scrupulous, more than scrupulous, to show no whit of Jewish partiality. He would lean backward in his attempt to be just. Mr. Paderewski was right. One is inclined to wonder whether he foresaw also that in Morgenthau's scrupulous desire to be just he would lean so far as eventually to fall backward completely. But whether he foresaw and foreplanned it or not, the Jews of Poland have been paying the price of Mr. Morgenthau's fall ever since.

On a petty scale Mr. Morgenthau may be said to have been tricked and fooled just as Mr. Wilson was being fooled and tricked in Paris at the same time. One instance of what was done by and to him may be cited. He himself relates it. As in everything else that he did his motives were of the best. In a conversation with Paderewski, Mr. Morgenthau pointed out that, although he and Paderewski knew that the charges of anti-Semitism leveled against the great Polish Premier were untrue, some step ought to be taken to correct the popular mis-

conception to that effect. He suggested as a means to that end that Paderewski accompany him on some Friday evening to services in the Synagogue in Warsaw.

"Paderewski," he goes on to say, "at once saw the point. He was anxious to refute the charge against him, yet his caution prompted him to consult his political associates, who advised against his adoption of my suggestion."

" 'Never mind,' he reassured me: 'I'll find another way.'

"That way he found when Hoover came to Warsaw. I was about to visit Pinsk, and he requested me to postpone it for a day or two.

" 'I am giving a state dinner for Mr. Hoover at my official residence,' said he. 'I want you to come to that and let the doubters see how you will be one of the Premier's most honored guests.' "

In other words, for the expression of friendliness to the whole Jewish people which a visit to the Synagogue by the Premier would imply, Mr. Morgenthau permitted the substitution of an honor tendered to himself, who was after all in Poland not as a representative of the Jews but of America. And saddest of all as the story shows he did not even seem to realize the utter unrelatedness of the

two things. The absolute spell which Paderewski casts was not limited, at least in the case of Mr. Morgenthau, to the realm of music.

There are excuses and, better than excuses, explanations of Mr. Morgenthau's lack of vision in this crisis of his own and his people's life. His position was beyond question a delicate one. The difficulties which he faced were many and serious. Perhaps only a great soul could have overcome them. If so, then there the answer lies. For Mr. Morgenthau, whatever else he may be, is not a great soul. Ability, honesty, and an appealing personal charm he possesses abundantly. But the quality of inner greatness is not his.

Autobiography is often more revealing than an author intends. Nor does it always reveal exactly what the author desires. That at least is what has happened in the case of Henry Morgenthau. Despite the little conscious or unconscious efforts in his writings to ascribe to himself a position in world affairs slightly more significant than that which he actually occupied, there is no real deception. At least not of others.

The heart of his autobiography covers little more than one out of the seven decades of his life. Before it he was an inconsequential figure. Since it, he

has taken no large part in American or Jewish affairs. And during it we see that he had the good or the evil fortune to be tested in a very terrible time, a time of epic conflict and of awful need. The best that was in him he gave; but, as he himself most clearly reveals, his best, like that of even greater figures of the war decade, was unequal to the exigency of the hour.

LOUIS LIPSKY

LOUIS LIPSKY

Zionist leader, publicist; born Rochester, N. Y., November 30, 1876. Educated Rochester Free Academy and one year at Columbia University. Founded an English-Jewish weekly in Rochester, N. Y., 1898; managing-editor The American Hebrew, 1899; dramatic critic N. Y. Morning Telegraph, two years; then contributed to Associated Sunday Magazines, New York press; editor Maccabean Monthly, official organ Federation of American Zionists, 1899; sometime editor The New Palestine. Active in writing, speaking and organizing for Zionist movement; vice-president Zionist Congress, Carlsbad, Czecho-Slavakia, 1923; member World Zionist Executive Committee; chairman Zionist Organization of America, 1922–25; President Zionist Organization of America since 1925.

LOUIS LIPSKY

IN one sense Louis Lipsky does not belong in this volume at all. Neither his career as a whole nor any single public act has won him a place in American public life such as that held by Brandeis or Straus or Morgenthau. He is almost unknown to the non-Jewish world. Even in certain Jewish circles, circles of wealth and power, the name of Lipsky is barely recognized. One of the committee of judges recently appointed to investigate charges against the administration of the Zionist Organization of America, of which Lipsky is the President, rather boastfully confessed never previously to have heard his name.

Yet though the Gods of Publicity have dealt unkindly, save in the columns of the Yiddish journals, with the name of Louis Lipsky, he is today one of America's outstanding Jews, albeit of a new and an increasingly significant type. Without exception the other subjects of these analyses have attained distinction quite apart from the record of their service to Jewish causes. They are known pri-

marily as jurists, publicists, writers, statesmen. Whatever reputation they have achieved in Jewish life may be said but to parallel or reflect a prior and an alien fame.

Not so with Lipsky. He has not brought to his people the glamour of an American reputation. He has not returned to the Household of Israel in the guise of a Prodigal Son, bearing as peace offering to his people and as atonement for himself, after a long and forgetful absence, the gifts of high achievements and a great name made elsewhere. His Jewish interest and work have never been carried on in the spare or leisure moments of his life. Whatever Lipsky has accomplished, whatever distinction he has achieved, he has achieved as a Jew and only as a Jew.

Moreover he has been the first to do so. With the rarest exceptions among the Rabbinate, the spiritual leaders so-called of American Judaism, interest in things Jewish had been considered a sort of sideshow to a man's real career; a sideshow reserved for the most part as a pious pastime of wealthy and well-intentioned Jews. That it could completely occupy the time of an able man, tax his energies to the limit, and dominate his life, was an undreamed of thing—until Lipsky came. He

was the first vocational Jew. He was keen enough to see—in the analysis of complex situations he is at his best—that Jewish interests were taking new shape, assuming new proportions in the United States; he saw the beginnings of a Jewish life which was not, like that of the generation of Jews that had considered itself a religious fellowship and nothing more, partial and peripheral and apologetic, but which was self-aware and terribly intense. He felt the stirrings of a Ghetto spirit which had outlived Ghetto walls, a still conscious sense of difference from the world without, a still cherished atavism of profound unity with all Israel. And he realized that in the creation of this new Jewish life there would be need for men trained and prepared to serve and to lead.

Although born in the city of Rochester, the background of Lipsky's home—his father's profession was the slaughtering of animals in accordance with Jewish ritual law—was a fit one for the intimate and facile Jewishness which was essential to the career upon which he entered. No conscious striving there for an understanding of Jewish values, no arduous process of reintegration with the ideology of Jewish life! The completely, from one point of view narrowly, Jewish outlook and interests of

Lipsky's later life were as much an inheritance as an achievement. From the beginning his Jewishness was closer to him than breathing, nearer than hands and feet.

The door through which Lipsky entered into Jewish life was that of his calling, journalism. Of late years, and particularly since his more active leadership in the political and administrative fields of Zionist endeavor, the journalist, the litterateur, the artist have necessarily been submerged to a considerable degree in the man of action. Foes and friends of Mr. Lipsky alike have forgotten that his real reputation, his place in Jewish life, was won by his pen—a literary place and reputation.

In this day, when the creators of the new American literature include more than a numerically proportionate group of Jews, when Ludwig Lewisohn and Louis Untermeyer, Lewis Browne and the Nathans, Robert and George Jean, are playing an equal part with the inheritors of non-Jewish tradition in the making of literary and cultural American idioms, the appellation to Lipsky of the term, brilliant English stylist, is hardly startling. Yet Lipsky is just that. His sense of, his feeling for, the writing of English prose is as delicate and as true as that of almost any contempo-

rary literary figure. If that sense and that feeling have been overlaid and at times ill-used owing to the exigencies of a career which demanded forcefulness rather than beauty of expression, virility rather than versatility of style, no one who reads through the collected writings of Louis Lipsky can fail to see in them gleaming hints of what might have been a brilliant literary career.

Had Lipsky been a little less Jewish, one is tempted to wonder what and how he would have written: whether the lambency of a pen, dedicated since earliest youth to Jewish causes, would have been as bright if that pen had been dipped in other than Jewish wells. Could Lipsky in a purely literary field have written with the same passion and insight which for thirty years have characterized his *Judaica?* Perhaps the very fact of his choice, the Jewish choice, indicates an intuitive grasp of his own literary powers and limitations sufficient to answer the question.

To imply, however, that Lipsky's literary ability derives simply from extraneous sources, that he is merely a clever, or even a brilliant, propagandist of an idea, would be far from the truth. There is much more of the artist in Lipsky than of the propagandist. The ordered, periodic literary efforts

of Lipsky which have played so large a part in educating Jewish opinion and clarifying Jewish issues in America, are a triumph of purpose and of resolution over native inclination. As he is professionally and publicly a Jew and a leader of Jewish life, so personally and by instinct, he is an artist. There is something in Lipsky whimsical, almost quixotic, which does not love responsibility, or "deadlines," or the spatial limitations of the editorial column. Scratch the disciplined publicist in Lipsky and the incorrigible artist appears. Incorrigible still. For even today, in public gatherings, in committee rooms, occasionally in his writings, the mischievous, not un-Zangwillian, spirit that resides in Lipsky will break out to cause momentary consternation and to recall the artistic might-have-been of Lipsky's life. That might-have-been passed definitely out of the realm of possibility upon Lipsky's entering into the Zionist movement.

All his life he has been an almost fanatic lover of the theatre. There was a time—the artist in him perhaps secretly yearns for its return—when the distinguished Zionist leader was a recognized "first-nighter" in New York and a dramatic critic of some note. But Lipsky's interest in the drama was not confined to performances upon the stage; the

dramatic in life even more than in art attracted him. And when upon the stage of the world there began to be enacted a national and cultural Jewish renaissance, Lipsky was found not among the over-numerous and under-helpful critics, but enlisted as one of the creative actors in this newest scene in the eternal drama of the Jew.

From its inception, Zionism engaged Lipsky's sympathies, fired his imagination. His background, his home, his tradition, had been a part of that complex out of which Zionism, translated into terms of political and practical significance by the master-spirit of Theodore Herzl, had inevitably sprung. Lipsky was of the very stuff of which the movement was fashioned. From the first, he was one of those who were more than Zionists—who were Zionism; the essence of whose memories, whose life, whose hope were instinctively one with the idea of a Jewish state and a Jewish nation to be recreated in the ancient land of Israel. Lipsky has put it best himself: "From the earliest days I felt the humiliation of the *Galuth* (exile) not through personal experience, but through sympathy for the race into which I was born. . . . When the Zionist movement took form, naturally and without intellectual effort I linked my life with it. I did not have to be

argued with to be convinced. It dominated my thought and held me with an irresistible power. It was impossible to wrest myself free from its influence."

Lipsky's official connection with Zionism began when in 1899 he became the managing editor of "The Maccabean," the official organ of the movement in America. The clarity of his mind, the power of his pen, quickly made themselves felt; first, as the interpreter of the Zionist ideal to a usually hostile, and always skeptical world without, a world which included Jews quite as prominently as Gentiles. As in and out of the columns of "The Maccabean" he enunciated Zionist principles, promulgated Zionist doctrines, defined and defended Zionist purposes, it was recognized that for the interpretative function Lipsky was preeminently fitted.

His eloquence, to be sure, never rose to the creative and prophetic heights on which Herzl and Nordau pleaded for the Zionist idea. The sweep of their vision, the epic quality of their minds he did not possess. The imperative, almost majestic mood of their utterances he could not command. But the first hour of prophecy and of inspiration having passed in Zionist history, Lipsky became what he

remains—one of its most effective propagandists and eloquent interpreters.

Just as Lipsky's role has been an interpretative rather than a prophetic or an apostolic one in carrying the concepts of Jewish nationalism and Zionism outside the Zionist ranks, so within the Zionist movement his has never been a largely creative influence. He has not contributed to the philosophy of Jewish life which Zionism has created save in his capacity of recorder and analyst.

One observes, for example, in the heat of bitter conflicts, at moments when most men are too deeply moved by their partisan opinions to see both sides of a question, that Lipsky retains an even-mindedness, a sense of detachment, almost of superiority, to the events of which he is a part. Nor is it the even-mindedness born of lack of convictions, indifference masquerading as detachment. Lipsky has the genuine ability to view questions and men with an unprejudiced and an impersonal mind. More than any other Jew who has written in English, he has for the last twenty-five years held up to the clear light of reason and of analysis the vexed questions which have come before the Jewish world; with almost uncanny analytical power he has searched into the complex and in-

volved mass of events which have transpired, and clarified, defined, classified, and recorded them.

Nor is it only in the Zionist movement that he has shown a keen understanding of events and a comprehension of their larger significance. During the war days, when American Jews were floundering and at sea as to the best way of dealing with the tremendous problems of relief and reconstruction which Jewish suffering abroad presented, it was Lipsky's voice and pen, wielded temperately and without rancor in behalf of the idea of an American Jewish Congress, which did as much as any other factor to bring order and unity out of a chaotic and confused situation. His accurate mirroring of the tendencies of the Jewish times, his almost scientifically cold presentation of the realities of Jewish life have been invaluable in the making and in the expressing of an intelligent and an informed Jewish opinion.

Until about seven years ago, Lipsky was almost wholly engaged as an analyst, an interpreter of Jewish life. Had he remained, had he been allowed to remain in that capacity, this would have been a very different tale. But through one of those ironies of Jewish history which are almost so common as

to pass unnoticed, Louis Lipsky, able editor and propagandist, brilliant artist and writer, was forced by the illogic of events into a role for which he was and is tragically unfitted. Something of the background of the Zionist movement must be recalled to understand what occurred.

When Theodore Herzl first proclaimed in "Der Judenstaat" (the Jewish State), that no solution of the Jewish problem was possible which did not presuppose a Jewish people nationally reconstituted, his western co-religionists almost without exception ignored his doctrine with the icy contempt of superior wisdom. But when he dared to go so far as actually to organize Jewish groups for the purpose of achieving the end he had proclaimed, when he began to create the machinery and to open negotiations for the founding of this Jewish state, their first reaction of indifferent contempt changed to a bitter and undisguised hostility. The fact that the great masses of Jews resident in eastern Europe had rallied to Herzl with an almost childlike simplicity of faith in the cause whose standard he had raised impressed these western Jews not at all. Many went so far as to denounce Herzl as a political pseudo-Messiah, wilfully raising expectations

which he knew could never be fulfilled. Others more charitably inclined simply characterized him as a blind leader of the blind.

As a result, the Zionist movement, instead of representing what Herzl to the end of his life wished it to do—all types and groups of Jewish life and all shades of Jewish opinion—was composed, save for a few of its leaders, either of the masses of suffering Eastern European Jewry or of those Jews who had so recently escaped into the freedom of the West as to have been unable or unwilling to forget their people's needs. Particularly in America, it was the recently arrived, Yiddish-speaking, still unassimilated Jewish element which made up the bulk of the Zionist movement. The older strata of the Jewish population would have nothing of this alien exotic importation of Jewish nationalism. They had not themselves been accepted into American life long enough to be able to think of nationalism for others save in American terms. Their almost pathetic delight in the security of their own position blinded them to the deeper necessities of Jewish life elsewhere. The battle lines—for there developed between the two groups a deep and open hostility—were clearly drawn.

And then slowly, painfully slowly for the im-

patient Zionist dreamers who were aglow with the vision which they had caught, a few of the older, more influential group in American Jewish life came to accept the Zionist idea and program. Numerically they were not many. But among them were men whose minds had been open enough to accept truth new to them and foreign to their traditions, courageous enough to witness their belief in a still unpopular cause. Nathan Straus, Louis D. Brandeis, Julian W. Mack, Samuel Untermeyer, Felix Frankforter, and Stephen Wise, who returned to active participation at this time, were among the first to bridge the gap between two different Jewish worlds. The influence of these men soon made itself felt. Their membership in the organization and movement lent it a new prestige.

The older Zionists, men like Lipsky, felt that a new accession of strength would result through their placing the leadership of the movement in the hands of these men. They were particularly ready to do so because at this time the World War threatened the existence of Zionism. It was felt that the best spokesmen for the cause would be men who were known to, and who could gain the ear of, those in authority at home and abroad. For five years, in America at least, the East-European

Zionist masses and the more westernized Zionist leaders labored in common with almost perfect accord. And during that period they helped in greatest measure not so much to achieve the Zionist ideal as to create the possibility of achievement for it. At the end of that period, Palestine had been publicly recognized and legally guaranteed by the nations of the world as the Jewish national homeland.

But as the stress of war conditions and the glory of war achievements began to lessen and then to disappear, certain differences which had been in part wilfully, in part unwittingly, lost sight of, reasserted themselves—differences in attitude between the Zionist masses and the Zionist leaders. There were differences as to ultimate aims in Zionism, as to immediate objectives, as to methods of administration, et cetera. And always it seemed, or was cleverly made to appear, by those for one reason or another resentful of the Western leadership, that the line of cleavage was as between the Eastern and the Western psychology, between the American and the European Jewish point of view.

The outcome of these differences was almost inevitable from the first. In 1921, the entire Brandeis-Mack-Wise administration was defeated by an

overwhelming majority and retired from active leadership in the Zionist movement.

The problems which the old guard in Zionism, once again in undisputed control, were called upon to meet were legion. But no problem was more pressing than that of creating a new leadership for the movement. The star performers, the headliners, the big guns, could be counted upon no longer. Who was to take their place? It was almost inevitable in this situation that Lipsky, one of the few American-born Zionists of any distinction who remained in the movement, should be drafted to serve in the capacity of leader. Particularly since Lipsky's whole life and training, his record as well as his outlook, symbolized the antithesis of what the Zionist masses had rebelled against in the leadership of Brandeis and his group! Lipsky was hailed as the complete Jew, the Jewish as opposed to the Gentile Jew. He entered the commission administration which was immediately set up. Five years later, he was elected President of the Zionist Organization of America.

If ever there were an exception to the rule that men are the authors of the tragedies of their own lives, that exception is Louis Lipsky. Had he been

simply an ambitious schemer, incapable of realizing his own limitations, the story of his career would be a very common one indeed. But he was not. To see him at work, to know him, is to understand that he does not sit at ease in the Zion of the high office which he holds. Power and authority do not rest lightly upon him. There is in him always something of the furtive, the apologetic mood.

One imagines that long before his critics began to denounce his incompetency and unfitness he was himself aware of them. If anything, he was amazed only that they had taken so long to find them out. For he is very shrewd; and both by training and by instinct he is too astute an observer to be unconscious of the incongruity of his own position. It requires no rare discernment to see that behind the gray, drawn mask of Lipsky's face the artist, the poet in him, are gravely troubled and perplexed by the half-comic, half-tragic paradox which he presents.

For Lipsky knows, Lipsky knew that he was no leader. Save for utter devotion to the cause, he had not then nor has he since displayed any of those qualities which make for leadership. He is not, save on a few simple fundamentals, a man of strong convictions. One feels in him no passion for

principles. The qualities of daring, of authoritativeness, and of vision are not in him. Indeed where most leaders inspire loyalty through strength, Lipsky's chief, if somewhat dubious, claim to the loyalty of his followers lies in his weakness. The main role which he had played in the political field as late as the war-days had been a parliamentary one. "I acted at these conventions," he relates, not without pride, "as the guardian of correct procedure." Imagine a Brandeis or a Wise or a Marshall being content to act in the capacity of guardian of correct procedure!

These facts were not unknown to Lipsky's fellow-Zionists. That, despite them, he was placed in a position of highest authority witnesses the poverty in leadership of the greatest movement in Jewish life for over a millennium. As to Lipsky's acceptance of a post for which he must have best known his unfitness, two things can be said. It gives proof on the one hand of that innate weakness in him—even his friends do not accuse him of being a strong man—which has since so markedly appeared. It reveals also a willingness to accept any burden which might be laid upon him, even when such burden took the form of an inappropriate honor and an insupportable responsibility.

What follows in the story of Lipsky's career up to date is more interesting and important in its bearing on Jewish life and Jewish psychology in America than for any further light which it casts on him. For in no sense has Lipsky enhanced his reputation by his tenure of office. Rather has the vivid, colorful personality which both in his writings and in his person had won the affection of Jews everywhere been dulled and deadened. The patent fish-out-of-water position which he occupied has told heavily upon him. But graver consequences than these have arisen from his unfitness for the office which he holds.

In the Spring of the current year, the English as well as the Anglo-Jewish and the Yiddish papers of America carried scare-heads and lengthy articles telling of charges which a group of responsible Zionists, including many of the old Brandeis régime in Zionist affairs, were making against the Lipsky administration. There were charges of mismanagement of Zionist resources, of demoralization in the man and money power of the organization, of negligence in the handling of Zionist funds. And even worse charges, charges which were never formally presented, were hinted at and whispered abroad. Lipsky as the President of the Zionist Organiza-

tion of America became the target of much of this attack.

A committee of judges, appointed by Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of the World Zionist Organization, to investigate the charges which had been made, reported adversely upon Mr. Lipsky's administration, and recommended that because of incompetency and lack of a due sense of responsibility he should not in the future serve in any official Zionist capacity. That report was based primarily on the endorsement by Lipsky as President of the Zionist Organization of America of a private note to a financial corporation, a note from which, however, Lipsky had personally gained or expected to gain nothing, and through which the Zionist Organization had, as matters chanced, suffered no loss. It fell like a bombshell in Zionist circles. For a day or more—the report came just before the annual Zionist convention in June—confusion and indecision prevailed.

And then slowly, but with increasing intensity, came the reaction. A superficially strange, almost inexplicable reaction, it was in reality the logical climax to Lipsky's entire career. For the Zionist, which is to say, the Jewish, masses, although they could not dispute the findings of the committee of

judges, far from concurring in their opinion as to the necessity of eliminating Lipsky from the movement, rallied overwhelmingly to his support. The Zionist convention triumphantly vindicated and returned him to office after some rather shady political manœuvrings made possible by the inept blunderings of Lipsky's opponents, and over Lipsky's protest that he would not again accept the Presidency.

Those who preferred the charges against him and against his administration, and who believed that the report of the judges would forever drive him out of Jewish life, see in his vindication proof both of the political demoralization of the Zionist movement as evidenced by the packed convention which Lipsky and his associates controlled and of a callousness to the niceties, even the decencies, of public morality on the part of the masses of American Zionists. Lipsky's sympathizers, of course, find in his vindication evidence of the grip which by devotion and an unbroken record of thirty years' service he has established on the affection of Zionists and Jews generally, as well as of the right-mindedness of a Jewish opinion which refuses to cashier from the service of Jewish causes a tried and able war-

rior, who has been guilty of minor indiscretions, not of major wrong-doings.

In both of these estimates of the vindication of Lipsky there are elements of the truth. Long after the victory-drunk henchmen of Lipsky, who insisted not only on his vindication but on the glorification of every evil connected with his and their régime, shall have regained their sanity, Zionism and Palestine will pay the price of their studied disregard of public opinion. Nor will the masses, who rightly refused to allow Lipsky to be driven from Jewish life, escape a certain uneasiness for having vindicated Lipsky by returning him to power. The report of the judges is a part of the record. It has been over-ridden; it cannot be expunged.

But there are deeper implications in the vindication of Lipsky, irrespective of the form which that vindication took, implications significant for the future of Jewish life in America. In some measure, they are subtle, elusive, difficult of analysis. But the tendency which they exhibit, the direction which they point are clear. Maurice Samuel, of "You Gentiles" reputation, alluded to them, when in his speech of truculent apology for Lipsky and for himself, he spoke of the inevitable irrepressible con-

flict between logical and biological Zionists, between Zionists by reasoned conviction and Zionists by instinct and inheritance. This conflict, this cleavage, which in specious fashion he sought to show was responsible for the opposition to Lipsky and his methods, was no sudden invention of Mr. Samuel's. It had been used in the defeat of Justice Brandeis and his associates seven years before. Its resurrection in the present controversy was simply a disingenuous though highly effective political trick, in itself insignificant.

What is deeply significant, however, is the response which this spectre of unbridgable psychological chasm in Jewish life evoked. For though that chasm be spectral and unreal, at least in the form in which it was pictured, it none the less corresponds to what in the jargon of the philosophers is known as an existent in the world of reality. That existent may be difficult, even impossible, of exact definition or description. Basically it arises from the sense of difference and consequently of distrust on the part of the emotionally Jewish masses for a Jewishness so self-conscious and so denatured as to appear alien to their innate Jewish temper and tradition.

Thus in vindicating Lipsky, his defenders sought

in reality to vindicate themselves, their own attitude towards Jewish questions and towards Jewish life. His justification became an act of self-justification; his defense an act of self-defense. For in Lipsky the Jewish masses rightly sense their prototype and their protagonist. The utter Jewishness of his life and interests, so complete as to have given him no standing in American life save as he achieved it through Jewish service, his faults and failings perhaps even more than his virtues and his ability, commend him to them. Far from being limitations or handicaps, as in the timorous yesterday of Jewish life they would have been, these things are today become a source of strength. The adherence of the Jewish masses to Louis Lipsky and to all that he represents, because of an intimate sympathy and a quick understanding which betoken the trust, not the contempt, bred of familiarity, imperatively demands of Jewish life in America, Quo Vadis?

STEPHEN S. WISE

STEPHEN S. WISE

Rabbi; born Budapest, March 17, 1874; came to America 1875. Educated College City of New York, 1888–1891; B.A., Columbia, 1892, Ph.D., 1901. Rabbi Madison Avenue Synagogue, New York, 1893–1900, Beth Israel, Portland, Ore., 1900–06; founder, 1907, and since Rabbi, Free Synagogue of New York. Founder and first Vice-President Oregon State Conference of Charities and Corrections; founder Zionist Organization of America; sometime President Zionist Organization of America; member American Jewish Relief Committee and Joint Distribution Committee; representative of American League to Enforce Peace; chairman Commission of Zionist Organization of America and member Delegation of American Jewish Congress at Paris Peace Conference, 1919; president American Jewish Congress since 1924; vice-chairman Executive Committee World Zionist Organization; member Executive Committee on Religious Minorities; trustee National Child Labor Committee; trustee Near East Relief. Awarded Richard Gottheil Medal, 1926, "for the most distinguished services to the cause of Judaism during year 1925." Founder and president Jewish Institute of Religion. Author: The Ethics of Solomon Ibn Gabirol, 1901; How to Face Life, 1917; Child Versus Parent, 1922.

STEPHEN S. WISE

ABOUT five years ago it was announced that an autobiography by Stephen S. Wise was to be published under the title "My Thirty Years' Battle in the Ministry." Owing, perhaps, to the fact that since that time the contests in which Dr. Wise has engaged have become greater rather than less in number, increasingly rather than decreasingly vehement, the volume has not yet appeared. One awaits it with interest; should it include the battles in which Dr. Wise has participated during the last five years, or even the battles in which one may be reasonably confident he will engage during the next five, the delay will be well worth-while.

For Wise is a picturesque fighter. His entry into, his participation in, any organization or activity galvanizes, dynamizes and occasionally dynamites it. Into any situation he injects an electric quality which is his personality. He is incapable of dullness. Like Roosevelt, whom people often mistook for a publicity hunter, he cannot escape attention. He

is sought by rather than a seeker of it. His walk, his voice, his manner, inevitably command it even in the most irenic circumstances. And when he fights in some cause or upon some issue he abundantly provides what is known to the newspaper world as "front page copy."

So his account, whether it be of a thirty or a thirty-five or a forty years' ministerial armageddon, ought to prove most instructive martial history. Particularly so because the Rabbi of the Free Synagogue habitually fights in a minority . . . he has never been a bandwagon figure . . . it almost seems as if he had sought out unpopular causes to make his own. He fought for Woman Suffrage when Woman Suffrage was considered generally little more than a feminist delusion . . . he championed Zionism as early as 1898 when to call oneself a Zionist was to be looked upon as partially demented . . . he has upheld prohibition in New York! Despite the fact that final victory has been achieved in many of the causes he has espoused, he has generally felt that "there could be no honor in a sure success. But much might be wrested from a sure defeat." He seems never to feel quite at home on the winning side. He is at his best in an uphill fight.

Habit has made him so. Naturally he is neither reckless nor even impetuous; he never fights blindly; no matter how disastrous, he is always aware of exactly what the consequences of his actions may be. Usually he enters contests despite them. When in 1920 he was planning a million dollar drive for the erection of a great synagogue building, and the injustice done to the workers in the steel industry as revealed through the steel strike aroused his indignation, he discussed it in his pulpit. The morning of his address, in which he characterized Judge Gary and his associates as Cossackizers of American industry and as the most prolific breeders of Bolshevism in the land, he remarked to an intimate friend: "My synagogue building is going up in smoke today." His prophecy was fulfilled. One of the bitterest battles of his career ensued, a battle which brought about the resignation of a number of his congregation and which seriously frightened many of those who did not resign. His synagogue remains unbuilt—a tribute not only to Wise's courage but an illuminating commentary upon his understanding of the price which such courage is sure to exact.

Indeed the weighing of consequences and the deliberate scorn of them, once a principle is in-

volved, furnishes one key to the entire career of Dr. Wise. His calling is the ministry, the Rabbinate as it is termed among Jews; a calling which he understands and interprets as one very close in spirit to that of the ancient prophetic fellowship of Israel. The minister's function he does not conceive to be primarily either that of pastor or educator or interpreter of the law. It is super-eminently a prophetic function: the complete integration of life in all its phases—political, social, industrial, personal—with the principles of religion. A conception which recognizes no neutral zones in the conflict which religion must wage against iniquity and injustice and oppression!

But most of all it is the prophet's function as a truth-speaker that appeals to Wise. He has summed it up as the effort "to see things as they are and to say them as I see them." It is that purpose which has furnished the underlying logic of his life. His adherence to it has been unfaltering; an adherence which, though it has occasionally brought him into contests and embroiled him in controversies wherein he has displayed more of the prophet's daring than wisdom, has more often kept his judgment as clear as it has held his courage high.

The seriousness of his convictions concerning the

minister's prophetic function was early put to the test. The seven years of his residence in the Far West beginning with 1900 were stormy years. Even there his penchant for truth telling on public questions occasionally exasperated his friends as much as it continually angered his enemies. But it was not until the Temple Emanu-El incident that Wise attracted nation-wide attention. His personality as well as his achievements on the Coast recommended him to the trustees of New York's greatest and richest synagogue as a possible rabbi for their congregation. They extended to him an invitation to preach what were in effect a number of trial sermons.

After having heard him preach, the pulpit of Temple Emanu-El was offered to him. But in the offer, both written and spoken, there was one clause, one condition which drew the attention of the young rabbi from the West. That condition was that the pulpit of Temple Emanu-El "shall always be subject to, and under the control of the Board of Trustees." Just what, Rabbi Wise wished to know, did that condition mean? The answer which he received was as direct as his question. It meant that should the rabbi in his sermons or addresses offend the opinion of the lay heads of the congregation, he

would be expected either to retract the offending remarks or to maintain a discreet silence on the subject thereafter.

Once this condition was clearly explained to him there was no hesitancy in Wise's reaction; his decision was swift and inevitable. In an open letter to the congregation he refused to serve as its minister. In it he stated that the invitation to serve under such conditions as rabbi of Temple Emanu-El was an insult not to himself alone but to his calling as a minister and servant of the truth, as well as to the noblest traditions of prophetic Judaism. He wrote: "The chief office of the minister, I take it, is not to represent the views of the congregation but to proclaim the truth as he sees it. . . . But how can a man be vital and independent and helpful if he be tethered and muzzled? A free pulpit, worthily filled, must command respect and influence; a pulpit that is not free, howsoever filled, is sure to be without potency and honor. A free pulpit will sometimes stumble into error; a pulpit that is not free can never powerfully plead for truth and righteousness."

The response to this demand of Rabbi Wise for an unmuzzled Jewish pulpit was immediate, if somewhat varied. It called down upon his head the

wrath of those who believed that the pulpit was and should remain merely an eloquent sounding board for the opinions of the pew-holders of the congregation. On the other hand, it won him a first scattered following of Jews in whom his fearless insistence upon religious freedom within the synagogue struck a responsive chord. And, most important of all, it determined Wise to come to New York in order to inaugurate a synagogue movement, the occupant of whose pulpit should be free to speak the truth even when that truth might be distasteful to the congregation which he served.

Having founded the Free Synagogue which slowly won the support of Jewish liberals in New York, he proceeded to exercise the prophetic function as he understood it. He threw himself into movements for civic and national welfare, for industrial justice, for social progress. His pulpit became a national as well as a Jewish forum, a place of vital discussion of vital themes. When, for example, upon Boss Croker's attempted return to New York a dinner was tendered him by a number of New York judges, Wise denounced their action "as a sullying of the judicial ermine" and as "New York's night of shame." His protest aroused a host of like-minded though previously inarticulate citi-

zens to a realization of the danger in which the city stood and made impossible the reassumption of power by Croker and his Tammany Hall gang.

But pious hands, Christian as well as Jewish, were raised in horror at what Rabbi Wise had done—dragging the church into politics—a fearful thing! He was cautioned against the dangerous course he was pursuing. Particularly did his fellow-rabbis warn him that he might hurt or even destroy the prestige of the synagogue. In vain. To the demand that he keep religion out of politics he countered with a plea for a new type of Civic Religion, an appeal for a deeper and more vital participation of church and synagogue in questions of social and political import.

Of the possibilities of such participation, he proceeded himself to furnish an instructive example. And one is led to feel in observing the manner in which he battles for causes that doing so is to him neither a difficult nor an unpleasant task. However correctly he may have rationalized his reasons for the battles which he has waged, one can hardly fail to see that he speaks, he protests, he battles, in the last analysis, because of compulsions which are stronger than reasons. He cannot refrain. His daemon will permit of no other course. His conception

of the social function of organized religion is but the reflection, and a pale one, of his own intuitive and elemental passion for righteousness and for reform.

Complete conviction is to Wise the prerequisite of participation in any struggle, yet the number of his engagements is not noticeably curtailed thereby. For he is capable of feeling deeply on a greater variety of subjects than is possible for most men; the range of his enthusiasms is startlingly wide; he is no one-track prophet. In his denunciation of the "anti-moral writings" of Professor Erskine he exhibits the same passion that moves him to thunder against the makers of pogroms in the Ukraine. The rebuilding of Palestine, protection of women and children in industry, the cleansing of the theatre in New York, American participation in the League of Nations, alike find in him a champion whose eloquence is clearly that of intensest conviction.

That quality more than anything else has gained for him the reputation of being one of America's most effective public pleaders. Men speak of his dramatic temperament, of his genius for dramatizing a cause or an idea. Frequently the comment is made that a great actor was lost in Rabbi Wise, and by those less charitably inclined, that a great

actor was not lost in him. Such comment, however, lacks comprehension of the man's essential mood. For though few men can better sense the dramatic values of a situation, there is in his dramatization nothing of the theatre or of conscious art. It is a dramatization that is personal, profound, unconscious.

The actor becomes the vehicle for interpreting another's emotion or another's thought, for expressing a passion alien to his own. He loses himself in the assumption of a personality which is not really his. This ability Wise does not possess. He is so little capable of reliving the emotions of others that he cannot even convincingly restate an idea expressed by someone else, that, in reading aloud, save for those portions of the Hebrew Liturgy which through infinite repetition have come to be a part of his own consciousness, he is markedly inadequate and uninspiring. In short his dramatic genius, unlike the actor's, is limited to the dramatization of one thing—himself. Things which he feels earnestly, deeply, terribly, he can proclaim with burning and dramatic fervor. In championing some cause which has gripped and stirred his own imagination he can command the thunder and lightning of a Sophoclean passion. But the condition of

his eloquence, the source of his dramatic power, lies in the fact that these express his own emotions, are a living part of himself.

It is this dramatic intensity of conviction which, rather than any studied or conscious method of oratory, makes him supremely effective as a speaker. Indeed, his prepared and published addresses are with few exceptions singularly unmoving. His written oratorical style is as bad as the best of George William Curtis. He has an almost pathological addiction to antitheses, a delight in epigrams which border on the abnormal, and when conscious of himself and of his flawless oratorical manner he is at his worst.

It is only when, forgetting the polished phrases and the impressive periods which he has designed, he suddenly loses himself in the deep fervor of his belief, in the white heat of his emotion, that his eloquence rises to really lofty heights. Then alone, when he throws aside prepared notes and pours the torrent of his passionate conviction into truths which he hardly seems to utter but which rather utter themselves through him, does he speak in the grand manner. At such moments one may say of him that despite, rather than because of, his oratorical gifts, he is a great speaker.

Unlike many great speakers, Wise does not require either a stage or pulpit setting for what he says. The same power and passion which mark his public utterances he brings into committee rooms or conferences with two or three. There is no trick to his persuasiveness. He dominates a dinner table or a class room as completely as he sways an audience of thousands. There is a definiteness, a positive assurance and authority about what he does and says, which, with the rarest exceptions, sweeps all before it. One is reminded, in observing him in action, of some great stream in which slow waters have gathered power and gained impetus to break at length into an overwhelming torrent.

A torrent at times too overwhelming to serve its own purpose. For though Wise inevitably grips and sways men for a time he does not always persuade their minds. Some persons, who have heard him often, say, that though in his presence they are convinced, when they later restate for themselves what they have heard they realize that with most of it they are in total disagreement. Nathan Straus with all his generosity long ago made it a custom never to attend a meeting at which Wise was to appeal for funds without limiting the amount of money which he had on his person. Experience

had shown him that it was impossible to resist emptying his pockets for any cause which Dr. Wise pleaded. And even astuter and more analytically inclined persons are occasionally apt to find that ideas which they heartily disapprove become irritatingly persuasive when Dr. Wise expresses them.

With intensity of conviction Wise combines another quality which accounts for much of the influence he wields over men: a democratic confidence, a simple faith in other people. When he battles for causes, denounces evil, or demands reform, he does not assume a tone of greater wisdom or of superior virtue. He is never didactic, he rarely commands. In the moral quality of his wrath when it is aroused, there is always evident a subtle certainty that other men will share his feeling; that all that is necessary for him is to show them the truth, to paint the picture as he sees it. When he thunders forth moral judgments his voice is not the voice of himself alone. When his hand descends in token of the destruction of evil forces, it is somehow the hand not of the speaker only but of his audience as well. The sledge hammer which he wields is tempered at a fire that burns in his hearers' hearts. He does not preach at men but with them. He believes with Emerson that "all men have sub-

lime thoughts; that all men value the few real hours of life; they love to be heard; they love to be caught up into the vision of principles."

Such assumption of the best in others to serve the good he seeks is not difficult for Rabbi Wise. It is no forced assumption. Fundamentally he believes in people. He is not so much a democrat by conviction as by consanguinity. He finds people very like himself—full of the same faults, capable of the same virtues. And his belief in people is based upon his feeling of similarity to them. Their basic sanity, their responsiveness are qualities which he counts on in them because he has found them to be present in himself. And not seldom the confidence of his own expectation creates an overwhelming response. No conscious flattery is as effective as an unconscious faith in the rightness of others' reactions.

Moreover, Rabbi Wise believes in people because he likes them. The old saying that it is easy to love one's neighbors but rather more difficult to like them is reversed in his case. One feels little of an abstract all-embracing love of humanity about him, but much of an instinctive, catholic, almost undiscriminating liking of human beings. He is at home with men, and they with him. Insofar as austerity,

remoteness, inaccessibility are the characteristics of greatness he is not a great man. The loneliness of spirit of a Wilson or a Brandeis one does not find in him.

Yet this democratic quality of spirit explains much that Wise has achieved during his ministry. For it pervades his conscious interests as well as his instinctive affections. Primarily he is a democrat and a democratic leader. In American life he has fought consistently for democratic, for liberal principles and causes. His political affiliations have been determined on this basis. And he has gloried in the mugwumpery which has kept them inconstant.

Because of personal friendship based on a common attitude regarding public questions he supported and stood by Woodrow Wilson till his death. Since then he has called himself a Democrat, a Wilson Democrat. But while Democratic Party leaders are glad to engage and to make use of his support, they do not regard him as an unqualified asset to the party. They are aware that the intellectual and the moral principles which constitute the basis of his participation in political affairs are such as to enable him, should occasion arise, to denounce the National Democratic Party today with

the same vigor and effectiveness that he displayed in fighting Tammany Hall for more than twenty years.

The liberalism as well as the democratic zeal of Wise has achieved the result which might have been expected. He is liked by the powerful and wealthy neither of America nor of Israel. The term of demagogue is as liberally applied to him by the one group as by the other. But the penalty of the disfavor of the powerful has not in his case been exacted without the recompense of general esteem and popular recognition. And if he has evoked the hostility of the Garys and the Lodges and the Penroses of his generation, Jewish as well as Christian, he has won, besides the general esteem of the Jewish and the American people, the friendship of its Wilsons and its Elliots, its Brandeises and its Jane Addamses in the common furtherance of great causes. A not unenviable fate!

His place in American life corresponds most closely, perhaps, to that held by figures such as Wendell Phillips, Phillips Brooks, Theodore Parker—the place of the teacher of religion who has identified the religious spirit with secular purposes and aims. There are few great issues in American political life, few causes of international scope, few

purposes of social readjustment and progress in which Wise for more than a quarter of a century has failed to take part. He has been the priest in politics, the prophet in the market place, the religionist in public life. Few teachers of religion of any denomination and no rabbi has ever held a position greater than his as a leader and a maker of American opinion.

All of which is the more remarkable when one recalls how intensely and outspokenly Jewish Wise has been. He has never been merely the professional defender of his people. He has insisted that America shall not merely tolerate but welcome the contribution which the Jew *as a Jew* may bring to American life. While as much as any other Jew of his time he has served to interpret Judaism and the Jew to the non-Jewish American world, there has been in his interpretation neither compromise nor deviation from the strictest adherence to his people's life and faith. He has said "I have two religions—the religion of Israel and the religion of America." But first and above all, he is a Jew. Perhaps the very fact that he has been primarily a fearless tribune of his own people accounts for the place he holds among Americans.

Conversely, Wise's importance and influence in

Jewish life are due largely to his non-Jewish reputation. Christian America respects Rabbi Wise, the outspoken Jew; his fellow-Jews look up to Dr. Wise, the outstanding American. Indeed, it is largely his place in American public affairs which has at times during his career saved him from Jewish wrath and retribution. Jews are notoriously intolerant of criticism, particularly criticism of the home-brewed variety. And Wise has been as fearless in his denunciation of wrongs done by Jews as in his demands for Jewish rights. He has spoken the truth to, as well as for, his people. And in his truth-speaking he has been a respecter of neither persons nor organizations nor institutions. Consequently, there are institutions and organizations and not a few persons who heartily dislike him.

Yet the enmities which Wise has made, the hostilities which he has aroused, are not primarily personal. At times, to be sure, a personal note has crept into the controversies in which he engaged. Occasionally, in the heat of conflict, both Wise and his opponents have seemed to lose sight of the issues which were at stake. Nevertheless, real issues underlay all those conflicts and they were based upon definite principles.

These are not difficult of discernment. To one of them allusion has already been made: Wise's belief in the value of democratic purposes and of democratic methods in the solution of great questions. For he is as much a Jewish as an American democrat. He believes in the ability of the Jewish people to solve its own problems, and his resistance to all paternalistic attempts to solve them from above has constantly brought him into conflict with the wealthy and powerful leaders of American Jewish opinion. His declination of the pulpit of Temple Emanu-El was only the opening gun in a still raging battle. Almost alone he dared to stand out against the efforts of the late Jacob H. Schiff to solve the problems of Jewish life in the terms of charity. As opposed to the American Jewish Committee, which he felt to be undemocratically organized and controlled, he became one of the leading spirits in the creation of the American Jewish Congress, a body which avowedly attempts to deal with the problems of Jewish life at home and abroad in open and democratic fashion. His greatest single contribution to Jewish life has been his service in the Zionist movement. It can be traced in part to his enthusiastic support of a cause which was not stimulated by what he calls the millionaire man-

agers of Jewish life, but which represented the collected will and judgment of the great mass of Jewish opinion throughout the world.

He is tremendously conscious of the underlying and basic unity of Jewish life. The positive and creative acceptance of that unity has been his other outstanding Jewish purpose. He has not yielded to the flattering self-hypnotism through which so many Western Jews allow themselves to imagine that only in the acceptance or rejection of a creed, a faith, a God, are they distinct from the non-Jewish world. To Wise, being a Jew has never meant the acceptance of the tenets of the Jewish faith as much as a deep and pervading sense of kinship with the Jewish people, its race, its land, its language, its history, its tradition, its future. He is not a marginal Jew.

When Theodore Herzl turned to the Jewish world with his epochal proposal for the creation of a Jewish National Home, Wise was one of the first in America to range himself under his banner. He felt that the bonds which united Jews the world over were stronger than mere pity over Jewish misfortunes or charity, however generous, to Jewish sufferers; that the real nature of these bonds could best be understood through such a conscious reuni-

fication of Jewish life as Zionism implied and has partially achieved.

He has not envisaged Jewish life only in terms of its security in America. His insight and sympathy have embraced the perplexities and perils of his people everywhere. The range of his vision has included the sufferings, the hopes, the aspirations of all Israel.

That is why, in the face of a host of powerful enmities, despite occasional errors in judgment and minor tactical blunders, he is respected and loved of his people. They find a certain right-mindedness in him, an ability to think and to feel straight and true. Perhaps the seven generations of rabbinical forebears from whom he traces direct descent, working unconsciously in his blood, lend to his Jewish utterances and actions an authentic and an authoritative note. Perhaps it is to an even older legacy of the spirit that it may be traced: To a tradition of truth speaking and a passion for righteousness which constitute the prophetic heritage which he has made his own.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Author, critic; born Berlin, Germany, May 30, 1882; came to America, 1890. Educated B.A. and M.A., College of Charleston, S. C., 1901, Litt.D., 1914; M.A., Columbia, 1903. Magazine writer, 1905–10; instructor in German, University of Wisconsin, 1910–11; assistant professor German language and literature, Ohio State University, 1911–19. Dramatic editor The Nation, 1919, associate editor, 1920–24, now contributing editor. Author: An Introduction to Study of German Prose, 1910; The Modern Drama, 1915; The Spirit of Modern German Literature, 1916; The Poets of Modern France, 1918; The Drama and the Stage, 1922; Upstream, 1922; Don Juan, 1923; The Creative Life, 1924; Israel, 1925; Roman Summer, 1926; The Case of Mr. Crump (published in France), 1927; The Island Within, 1928; etc. Translator: Wassermann's The World's Illusion. Editor and chief translator of Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann, etc.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

ANY intelligent and fairly literate person, it has been said, is capable of writing one interesting autobiographical novel. But to paint as does Ludwig Lewisohn not one but half a dozen fascinating self-portraits is a very different matter. Upstream, Israel, Don Juan, the Case of Mr. Crump, The Island Within all invite us to enter into the inner sanctum of their author's life. Nor is it one aspect only of his life that Mr. Lewisohn throws open to public inspection. His intellectual growth, his sex experience, his emotional development, his spiritual adventures, are alike set down for all men to read and know. One might even, with the exception of his essays in the field of literary criticism, gather his writings under one comprehensive title: The Case of Ludwig Lewisohn.

Such an urge to self-revelation implies something more than the belief that there is a common factor in human experience which makes any one man's story of interest to all men. Back of it lies either a sense of wider experience and deeper in-

sight into life than men ordinarily possess, or an exhibitionist passion bordering on the abnormal.

His continual exposure of the inmost contours of his mind and spirit is not merely the unconscious gesture of a brilliant egocentric. It is born as well out of a conscious purpose, an intellectual conviction: the conviction that he has discovered certain vital truths, the purpose of sharing those truths with others. "Are we beginning," he asks, "to see the causes of things? Then, in God's name let us tell wiser, broader, deeper stories—stories with morals more significant and rich. Yes, morals. If a story does not teach by example it is no story; it has no truth. For let men see truth and they will hasten to apply it to themselves. All but the utterly child-minded among them read for such truth as touches them, their lives, their mortal difficulties, their station and their moment amid the sum of things."

And what such truth has Mr. Lewisohn to teach? What deep or original insight can he offer to justify his demand that mankind recover in its writing and thinking something of an epic note? The insight and the truth he offers is the example of his own life. He is himself the epic he demands.

A fantastic idea upon the face of it, although his

career has not been undistinguished. A critic of literature and of the arts, a university teacher of German, a brilliant litterateur, he is one of the first dozen men of letters of his generation in America. He is something more. A humanist in the best sense of the word, a critic not only of literature but of life—he has written wise and true things on human as well as cultural problems in America. But granted all this there would still be an impassable gap between Mr. Lewisohn's epic desire and his achievement were it not for one other factor: a Jewish factor.

Had these sketches been written five years ago, Ludwig Lewisohn might have been included in them simply by reason of having been born a Jew. That is no longer true. Today when one thinks of Ludwig Lewisohn one thinks first not of the critic, nor the stylist, nor the teacher—one thinks of the Jew. One might almost write *the* Jew. For Lewisohn's life *is* the Jewish problem. Whatever is truly epic in his story is directly related to the Jewish epic.

An odd phenomenon? A change difficult, almost impossible to understand? At first, perhaps. But the better one knows Mr. Lewisohn and his work the more clearly one sees that here is really no ir-

reconcilable contradiction, no subconscious apostasy or recantation, no subtle denial or betrayal. The Jewish factor in Mr. Lewisohn's life is a highly conscious one. It exists with his full knowledge; it is a thing of his own choice. The Jewish affirmation which has increasingly suffused his work in the past five years is in reality an ordered step in an intellectual progression, the inevitable end of a spiritual pilgrimage.

An ordered progression, an inevitable journey's end! How can such terms be squared with the facts? The fact that for years Lewisohn was quite cut off from his people's life; that until almost his fortieth year he had written no Jewish line, spoken no Jewish word? How reconcile this simple, evolutional interpretation with the generally accepted view of Mr. Lewisohn's sudden rediscovery of his people, his dramatic return to Jewish life, his instantaneous and complete reversion to Israel? That view of what took place is doubtless attractive. For literary, not to speak of Jewish show purposes, nothing could be more perfect: Ludwig Lewisohn, or the assimilationist's return!

One does not joyously destroy a legend, particularly when it is both harmless and beautiful. Yet the legend that is growing around Lewisohn and his

return to Israel is more than a legend. It has deeper implications that are a parable; it has profounder aspects that are prophecy. It must be set right.

The outer story of Lewisohn's life is simple enough. He writes that there never was a time in his life when he was not a lover of beauty, particularly of beauty in literature. That love took creative form in a literary style which despite Stuart Sherman is second to that of no contemporary writer in English.

Finding the writing of pure literature, however, to be at least financially unremunerative, he turned to the teaching of it. There he encountered prejudice and discrimination, because of his Jewish name and face and tradition—because of what he afterwards recognized to be his heritage of the Jewish spirit. That heritage made it impossible for him to join in the orgy of hatred which swept America during the war days. As traitor, pacifist, Jew, he was dismissed from the University of Ohio where he had finally found a place. Since that time he has returned to the field of purely creative and critical literary work.

In itself hardly an epic tale. But as Lewisohn points out, despite the terrible vicissitudes of Jewish life, despite desperate if unsought adventures

in the outer world, the epic of the Jew has long been one of mind and spirit, rather than of action. It is an inner thing. So, also, is the story of Lewisohn. It is no tale of deeds or honors or achievements. Rather one of deepening insights, changing concepts, broadening horizons.

The beginning is simple enough—the desire of a young foreigner to become part of a new land, to live in its tradition, to interpenetrate its spirit with his own. Above all, to know and understand its cultural life so well that he might eventually contribute to it. He early felt the existence somehow of barriers, became aware of a subtle distinction concerning him in the minds of others, a difference between himself and them. A look, a word, an unconscious gesture—nothing more at first. But enough then even to warn him that the course of true assimilation would not run smooth—at least for a Jew. Very early he saw that his entry, in the deepest sense, into American life was to be no effortless unconscious thing.

He was not daunted; he would break down the barriers, end the difference. He would so prepare his mind, so soak himself in the best of American tradition, so completely devote his life and strength to that tradition, that eventually he would earn the

right to become a part of it. And then slowly the devastating truth grew clear, the realization broke upon him that that tradition did not really want him, would hardly tolerate him, would seek to shut him out. The long and tender worship he had offered at the altar of America constituted no reason, at least in the minds of its native high-priests, for allowing this alien youth entrance into the inner sanctuary of American life and culture. Was he not, after all, a Jew?

A Jew! Not of desire or purpose, to be sure; not by his will or choice. His Jewish ignorance was abysmal; his Jewish love unaroused. Yet there was something alien, different, Jewish about him, about his personality, about his mind. A difference existed. And America, at least the America of college board trustees and faculties, had no stomach for differences. It shut him out.

At first his exclusion took the form of crassest discrimination and prejudice. Jewish and Christian apologists are in the habit of glossing over situations such as he faced, of finding other causes, reasons, excuses for them: the man was unfit, an irritating personality, crude and vulgar. These things have been said about Lewisohn as they have been said about other men, in order to let sensitive Chris-

tians avoid the unpleasant reality, in order to let super-sensitive Jews deny it. They are not true. The man is a scholar, a gentle spirit, lovable. But he is a Jew. In that and that only was he at fault.

Universities, to which he was recommended by the distinguished head of his department of Columbia, would not engage him because he was a Jew. He wrote a letter of frank inquiry to the head of his department. The answer was at once verdict and final sentence to his hope: "It is very sensible of you to look so carefully into your plans at this juncture, because I do not at all believe in the wisdom of your scheme. A recent experience has shown me how terribly hard it is for a man of Jewish birth to get a good position. I had always suspected that it was a matter worth considering, but I had not known how widespread and strong it was. While we shall be glad to do anything we can for you, therefore, I cannot help feeling that the chances are going to be greatly against you."

One might accuse Lewisohn of making a great to-do about the hardly startling discovery of the existence of anti-Semitism. And had that been his only discovery the accusation would be justified. But it was not. Great spirits forge of disaster and defeat the surer weapons of the next advance: "I sat in my

boarding house playing with this letter. . . . I ate nothing till evening when I went into a bakery, and catching sight of myself in a mirror, noted with dull objectivity my dark hair, my melancholy eyes, my unmistakably Semitic nose . . . An outcast. . . . A sentence arose in my mind which I have remembered and used ever since. So long as there is discrimination, there is exile. And for the first time in my life my heart turned with grief and remorse to the thought of my brethren in exile all over the world. . . ." Out of his disillusionment—this first glimpse of truth; out of his sense of personal injury and injustice—the beginning of a just and loving sympathy for his people!

Yet the realization that other Jews, in other lands and other times, had been excluded and scorned did not make his exclusion or the scorn leveled against him one whit less terrible, one whit more just. He began to relive, in the frustrations of his own life, the career of suffering which had been his people's immemorial lot.

Nor was it for himself or his people only that he felt a bitter disillusionment. This evil was two-edged. This hurt that was done to him by America must prove as devastating to America as to him. For like other leaders in the struggle for intellec-

tual liberalism he earnestly believed that: "The friend of the Republic, the lover of those values which alone make life endurable, must bid the German and the Jew, the Latin and the Slav preserve his cultural tradition . . . he must plead with him to remain spiritually himself until he melts naturally and gradually into a richer life, a broader liberty, a more radiant artistic and intellectual culture than his own." What hope for such a consummation could he continue to entertain?

But Lewisohn would not at first admit even to himself his disappointment. He points out the psychological truth that the subconscious self thrusts from the field of vision the painful and hostile things of life. Though complete understanding was not born at any one moment or out of any one experience, slowly the evolution of the fundamental insight of his life took place. For his was one of those minds which "having seen their hopes go down to incredible disaster once, walk thereafter more warily and humbly in the world and see the drift of things which will not change for their liking and read coldly, without regard to their hearts and desires, the signs that flame in the cosmic skies."

For Ludwig Lewisohn those flaming signs came

more and more to mean one thing—that he was a Jew. A Jew in two senses. First by reason of the exclusions, the prejudices, the discriminations of the world without. A Jew by the world's fiat. A Jew because there was no escape, no denial, no flight, no assimilation, which would suffice to hide his Jewishness.

But Lewisohn found that he was a Jew by virtue of something stronger than the world's compulsion and command. Not at once nor in a decade, but after long searching and profound self-scrutiny he learned that he was a Jew by virtue of an inner compulsion, an inner command, as well. That it is not only the world which refused to let him and others cease to be Jews; that there is a Jewish residue which remains, a Jewish self which exists, which perseveres.

The skeptical will inquire as to exactly what Mr. Lewisohn means by a Jewish self, as to what things, what ideas are specifically Jewish; as to whether they have any existence in themselves, any reality save as a protective reaction to outer influences and forces. And the skeptical are likely to find his constructive explanation less convincing than his analysis. For on this theme, at least, there is much of the mystic in Lewisohn's attitude. And mystic and

skeptic do not easily understand one another's speech.

Lewisohn's own vision of this Jewish self, however, is not clouded. It is a vision of a twofold Jewish self, the individual self of the Jew and the collective self of the Jewish people. Of a people which is still a nation but whose nationalism is of the spirit, "a people which represents no guns or battalions or frontiers or force or fraud . . . no aspiration after power, only a hope . . . only an act of spiritual self-recollection. . . . A people of slaves —the slaves of righteousness, of the ultimate humanities, of the moral energy whose name is love." A people which at all costs and at all hazards, in a still bleeding and a barbarous world, is to be the friend of mankind, the proclaimer of liberty and peace. A people by virtue of an idea, a hope, a dream.

Such a people Mr. Lewisohn believes Israel potentially at least to be—because Jews are such people when they are themselves. Inborn and inbred in Jewish minds and hearts—the heritage of an unparalleled history—are "Contempt for physical courage of the aggressive type . . . belief only in the real power of an idea. . . . An almost instinctive knowledge that force is evil, that war is sin,

that passive martyrdom is triumph, that victory is defeat and success failure . . . that defenselessness is the strongest shield and mighty battalions but so many broken reeds."

Lewisohn does not contend that these ideals are complete, perfected among his fellow-Jews. He finds that the process is an infinitely gradual one and that it comes to completion only in isolated individuals. He does not over-idealize his people. "In a world of force the Jew is still afraid . . . still commits the unforgivable sin of using force and denying peace." *But he knows that it is sin.* That is the heart of Mr. Lewisohn's contention; that is the thing which sets the Jew apart.

The Jewish self! A self which can be denied by the Jew as well as scorned by the world, a self which in some instances can be destroyed. But not easily, nor often. Persecution abroad, formal conversions at home, intermarriage, studied indifference and ignorance touching things Jewish—nothing suffices. The Jew remains. Even in America, even after generations, he exists as a Jew in this inner self as truly as he is marked off by the world without. Once a Jew, perhaps not always a Jew, but always the underlying basis of the Jewish self persists. And Jews who have lost or forgotten that

self, find, says Mr. Lewisohn, that it need not even be resurrected. It is always there. All that is necessary to its rediscovery, to its rebirth, is the putting away of a prejudice, a stubborn, hard protective prejudice.

Everywhere Mr. Lewisohn finds that prejudice being put away. The Renaissance of Jewish culture is but one sign of it; the turning of Jewish writers, artists, musicians, to Jewish themes, the molten enthusiasm of the Jewish return to Palestine, the rebuilding there of a spiritual even more than of a national Jewish home, these are no accidents. They are all part of the putting away of the prejudice, part of the act of spiritual self-recollection, evidences of the rebirth en masse of that which Ludwig Lewisohn's story merely symbolizes and foretells.

Israel, today, Mr. Lewisohn finds on the threshold of a truer understanding of itself and of its destiny. To deepen, to advance that understanding appears to him a self-appointed task. Jews, he seems resolved, must come to know themselves—the forces, historic, racial, cultural, that drive them on. The great light which has dawned out of the darkness of his own earlier lack of understanding, Mr. Lewisohn seems determined to make others see.

One wonders why. If Jews are satisfied as they are, contented to be subtly uncomfortable rather than actively disturbed by this Jewish self of theirs, why interfere? Mr. Lewisohn answers that they are *not* content or satisfied; that they are neither at peace with themselves nor with the world; that the experience of his own life is not exceptional nor extreme; that tens of thousands of Jews are going through it today; that it is unnecessary to sacrifice the next generation of American Jews "to foreknown humiliation and predictable disaster."

"Jewishness," he writes, "is like that Hound of Heaven described by the poet. It tracks you through the universe, it lies in ambush from without and from within. . . . Why not, since one was a Jew and had to live Jewishly, get—in vulgar but sensible parlance—the maximum of good out of one's Jewishness, out of one's traditions, one's racial poetry, one's ancestral history? All other people did so and throve in spirituality and self-respect and richness of the texture of their lives thereby."

An unanswerable truth. But an incomplete one. And Lewisohn is too honest not to face its ultimate implications. The hero of his latest autobiography, The Island Within, raises another even more fundamental problem of Jewish life. How is the Jew

to see himself aright in a civilization anti-Jewishly conditioned, in a world whose history and literature and religion, even more unconsciously than with malice, have painted the Jew in colors false to truth, in lines grotesque and twisted: "His waking mind had accepted the legend and the symbol of the Crusades as wars and pilgrimages following a dream, an ideal, of the Crusaders as men who pressed to their bosoms something not made with hands. And his mind had also accepted the legend of the Jews . . . as materialists and money-grubbers in that world of the streaming legions of Christ and of the great cathedrals . . . But man for man, woman for woman, child for child, it was his people, it was the Jews who had clung to that which is not made with hands and had engaged, in those mediaeval days and years, in an adventure which would draw down to them the everlasting mercy of God, if there was a God, the everlasting reverence of man, if man were not a liar and a special-pleader and wholly blinded by the idols of his tribe and place and tradition. And of course all history had been written from the same point of view and was, therefore, so far as Jews were concerned, a falsehood and a libel from beginning to end. And yet everywhere or nearly everywhere,

Jews not only went to Christian schools and believed what they were taught, but believed it with passion and with romantic yearning and identified themselves spiritually with those who had carried the banners of the west to the Holy Land. And the great lie was still in the making, was being lived day by day, hour by hour, . . . here in our generation and in our day."

What the Jew needs and needs most terribly is to see himself, not, for a change, as others see him, but as he really is. And on that note Lewisohn ends. True, the young Jew of his story, who is Lewisohn's reborn Jewish self, decides that, "he must try to save his son's heritage for him, his incomparable spiritual heritage. His son should not stand before a Gentile friend as he had stood beside Charles Dawson and wish that he, too, could boast as ancestors tartaned clansmen, who had fought at Flodden Field. His son should have too much pride to need to be proud. Too much inner security to be hurt by words and slights. His son should be incapable of feeling excluded; he must possess the knowledge that he stood by birth at the human center of things."

But how, in the world which Lewisohn knows and has described, can that be done? What surren-

ders are necessary, what compromises must be made, what adjustments? And at what point shall surrender and compromise and even adjustment end? How shall a solution be found which is neither one of self-surrender and of self-belittlement, nor yet of the separatism of a self-created ghetto mind and temper?

As yet Mr. Lewisohn has not answered these questions. The seer, says Emerson, becomes always a sayer. But the prophet is not always a statesman, and the mystic rarely charts the thing he feels. Still it is not too much to hope that Mr. Lewisohn's singularly courageous and intelligent understanding of Jewish life may yet prompt him to face the profound questions which he has raised—that, blazing the intellectual and spiritual paths he has descried from afar, he will complete the epic cycle he has begun.

FELIX ADLER

PRESSOIR

FELIX ADLER

Ethical philosopher, educator; born Alzey, Germany, August 13, 1851. Educated, B.A., Columbia University, 1870; studied at Berlin and University of Heidelberg, Ph.D., 1873. Professor Hebrew and Oriental Literature, Cornell, 1874–6. Founder, 1876, and since leader, New York Society for Ethical Culture; professor Political and Social Ethics, Columbia University, since 1902; Roosevelt Exchange Professor at University of Berlin, 1908–9; Hibbert lecturer at Oxford, England, 1923; member editorial board International Journal of Ethics; member Tenement House Commission, 1886; member of Committee of Fifty on Drink Question; chairman National Child Labor Commission; trustee Tenement House Building Com., 1883. Author: Creed and Deed, 1877; The Ethics of the Political Situation, 1884; The Moral Instruction of Children, 1892; Life and Destiny; Marriage and Divorce, 1905; Religion of Duty, 1905; Essentials of Spirituality, 1905; The World Crisis and Its Meaning, 1915; An Ethical Philosophy of Life, 1918; The Reconstruction of the Spiritual Ideal, 1923.

FELIX ALDER

SOME years ago Felix Adler published *An Ethical Philosophy of Life*. It was both analysis and apologia, searching critique of the thought processes which have determined his career, and an interpretation of the aims and ends of his life-work. It contains not only some of the profoundest ethical thinking of contemporary American philosophy, but it erects a valid, convincing argument for the founding and the development of the Ethical Culture Movement. Yet, though it interprets, it explains wholly, neither the man nor his work.

One need not subscribe in detail to the doctrines of Freudian psychology to see that men and movements cannot be altogether interpreted in terms of conscious self-explanation. There are subconscious currents—personal, historic, social—which, though hidden, run deep and strong. Of the existence of such currents and of their power Felix Adler and the Ethical Culture Movement furnish instructive instances.

Adler had been destined for the Jewish ministry.

His father, devout, scholarly, was the Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El of New York. The son, obviously gifted to become a leader and teacher of religion, would succeed him. Already the fineness of his life and the clarity of his mind were recognized by those closest to him. The matter was settled—except in Adler's mind.

In 1874 he returned after two years' study abroad. He had known Emerson. He had studied Kant. He had received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He had learned the methods and the results of Biblical higher criticism. The gospel of evolution—the new revelation—was in the air. Add to this background a passion for sincerity and a mind of rare subtlety—not unesthetically attuned despite its basic Hebraic austerity—and the step which the then young Adler took appears explicable, even inevitable.

Ritual, ceremonies, creed, survivals of the Mosaic Laws—what had these to do with that realm of social and of spiritual service in which Adler already believed the individual was to find his real place, his true destiny? A chosen people, unique among, if not superior to, the other peoples of the earth—what place had such an archaic conception in a world where all races and groups were to be

equal, in which not spiritual superiority but interdependence was to characterize their relationship? The glorification of God and of his name—what relation had such a purpose to an age in which God was a doubtful and dialectic possibility, no longer a vital and fundamental fact? Outworn concepts, all of them. There were better things to do, deeper needs to satisfy, loftier visions to achieve. When half-Gods go the Gods arrive. Felix Adler declined the pulpit of America's Cathedral Synagogue.

It is typical of the man that, after making his decision, a decision superficially of negation and denial, he should at once have taken a positive and creative step. The affirmation, the creative reaction followed immediately. He had already founded among a group of young men of his own age a society with the rather pompous title, "A Union for the Higher Life," based on three tacit assumptions: Sex purity, the principle of devoting the surplus of one's income beyond that required for one's own genuine needs to the elevation of the working class, and thirdly, continued intellectual development.

Now he assumed the leadership of a group of like-minded men and women who together with him inaugurated a Society for Ethical Culture. The

society was to be free from creed, it was to transcend or supercede the religious differences of Judaism and of Christianity. Theology could have no place in it. Its church was to be a meeting-house; its sacrament, service; its altar, aspiration.

The leader of this little group which met in Standard Hall became the center of violent controversy. Charges of apostasy and betrayal were leveled against him then and since. "Sterility of ideals" and "adulterate religion" were but two of the more charitable characterizations of his purpose. He stood his ground; he ignored his enemies and assailants; he developed the philosophical and spiritual bases of his movement. And the movement grew.

From the outset a certain success was assured. The first president of the society, Joseph Seligman, by reason of his wealth, his social position, and his character, lent the insurgent and radical movement at least an outward semblance of respectability. Other prominent Jews followed his example. They found under Adler's leadership something for which they had been dumbly, fumblingly seeking. Here it was ready to their hand. They grasped it and in their grasp was dimmed the spark of the spirit that was Adler's.

Waldo Frank, analyzing the Ethical Culture

Movement says: "The main adherence of these Societies in New York and other American cities was among the prosperous Jews who had shown themselves most apt to run the American race. Religious memories haunted these people. Most of them had been brought up in the Jewish church. They turned to Adler to give them a semblance of creed: one which would still the stirring of the past, bring them no preoccupation to conflict with their affairs and, on the contrary, fit them the more aptly and the more politely for the life of respectable material dominion which America afforded. . . . These Jews were afraid of religion, even to the extent of not daring openly to do without it."

But it was something more than religion that these Jews feared. They were afraid of themselves, afraid of their Jewish tradition and heritage, afraid of the Jewish name, the Jewish difference, the racial gabardine they still wore—above all, afraid of the eternal Jewishness within themselves.

The Jew, they thought, had suffered enough from disabilities and discriminations in all the lands of the Old World. At last in America he must unite with others, lose the little distinctiveness of social difference and inherited belief which had set him apart. The walls of the social and spiritual ghetto

must be razed, the ideal of complete assimilation must triumph. Here were the means to accomplish these ends. Without formally deserting the faith of Israel for an alien faith, these Jews could escape the odium of the Jewish badge and the Jewish name. What for Felix Adler was an ethical emancipation became for his followers a racial exodus; his ascent of the spirit degenerated in them into an escape, a flight, from Jewish life.

The irony of the thing is in the outcome. For today, fifty years and more after their neo-exodus began, these Jews are almost as confirmed in their Jewishness as were their fathers and grandfathers. The membership of the Ethical Society is overwhelmingly a Jewish membership. The Jewish registration at the Ethical Culture School, save for those children who receive free tuition through scholarships, rarely exceeds one hundred per cent. So eager were the Jewish-weary followers of Felix Adler for the racially lethal draught which he seemed to offer to them, that in their over-tense, passionate desire to quaff it and to forget, they themselves made it impossible for the movement ever to become really non-sectarian. What they hoped and believed would prove a refuge from

Judaism, has developed into a radiating center of Jewish life and thought!

One of the leaders of the movement, and it is interesting to note that save for Adler the leadership of the society is as non-Jewish as its following is Jewish, states that even today he is often asked at funeral services of members of the society to recite the *Kaddish,* Israel's immemorial prayer for the dead. The grandchildren of the founders of the movement are learning that to renounce the Jewish faith and to forswear the Jewish bond are not always equivalent to ending them. Beliefs may be renounced; memories remain. And worst, or best of all, these Jews have found that their renunciation appears in the eyes of the Christian world to be little more than a well-meant but futile gesture.

One classic instance: When Samuel Gompers died and it was learned that despite the rather low visibility of his Judaism during his lifetime he had desired Jewish burial, the officials of the American Federation of Labor suggested as one of the two rabbis to be invited to take part in the funeral ceremonies, the name of Felix Adler. Yet it had been half a century earlier that Felix Adler, refusing to enter the Jewish ministry and renouncing the re-

ligion of Israel, had read himself out of the life of the Jewish people.

Since that day his name had been associated with no Jewish organization, nor had he re-identified himself with any Jewish interest. His work had been non-sectarian, inter-racial, inter-religious. His life had been lived in a Christian, or at least in a non-Jewish, American world. He had become a teacher and leader in the fields of ethics, of education, of social progress. Could anything have been more ignorant, more stupid than the American Federation of Labor's proposal to invite "Rabbi" Felix Adler to speak at the obsequies of its founder? Stupid and ignorant, perhaps; but like so many other stupid and ignorant things neither strange nor inexplicable.

For Felix Adler, although he was never a rabbi and despite a lifetime of indifference to and alienation from the name and the forms of Jewish life, remains a Jew. Time and again some incident, some situation brings that fact into the foreground. As Roosevelt Exchange Professor to Germany the chief public interest and discussion aroused by his appointment centered both here and abroad in the question whether as a Jew he would be accepted in academic circles and given academic honors impos-

sible of attainment by German Jewish scholars. For, like the American Federation of Labor, it was feared that the University officials in Berlin might prove inexpert in the niceties of intellectual apostasy. Felix Adler, the Jew!

But it is not only in the eyes of the world that Adler remains a Jew. It is not only in name, in background, in tradition; he is a Jew in himself. He is more than a Jew. He is a Jewish type. A type not uncommon or normative to be sure; a type that is perhaps atypical, certainly rare, and still a Jewish type. One might say that he represents a fusing of Jewish types, a blending of Jewish qualities.

Basically he is the ancient Hebrew prophet, inheritor of the moral fervor and the ethical passion of Amos, of Isaiah. Hater of injustice and oppression, pleader for righteousness and the supremacy of the moral law in every relationship of life, believer in the innate human worth of man, and in man's potential spiritual grandeur, he has caught not only the accents but the impulse of his prophetic forbears and translated them into the language and fitted them to the mood of modern times.

But Adler is both less and more than a prophet. The prophet's passion is not primarily the passion

of reason; the prophetic genius is not the genius of the intellect. The prophet feels and is aflame and speaks. He does not meditate overmuch, nor qualify, nor philosophize. Adler does all three. His wrath when it is aroused is an intellectual wrath, his conviction when it is formed is primarily a conviction of the mind. Adler achieves the moral outlook of the prophet, but he achieves it through the methods of the metaphysician, of the casuist, of the Talmudic scholar. He is a prophet with a system.

Not that he is himself uncertain of the moral judgments that he instinctively makes; but having made them he feels that he must justify them by a long chain of reasoning, fortify them by carefully developed arguments infinitely less important than the spiritual insights which they confirm. The scholar and the philosopher within him insist on a conventionally decent raiment of reason for the naked and beautiful truth which his vision has discerned.

In that insistence is to be found both the strength and the weakness of his influence. Its strength, because Adler saw from the beginning that the old unrational commands and prohibitions of religion —inextricably interwoven with outworn creeds and

theologies, and apparently indifferent to all the thought and progress which have succeeded them—could never dominate the moral will of a land and people educated in the name of science; that to recapture the ethical imagination of men, morality must be as scientifically based and as rationally developed as biochemistry.

Accordingly he evolved on the basis of Kantian philosophy, an intellectually satisfying ethical imperative. But in doing so he forgot that Kant, with his twofold awe—of the starry heavens above and the moral nature of man within—echoes but faintly and in reasoned terms the instinctive primal wonder of the Psalmist and of Job. And herein lay his fatal weakness. His ethical imperative might and did convince men; it could not stir and move them. He saw correctly that men would no longer be influenced to live on a spiritual plane save with the mind's consent. He failed to see that, even as of old, men could not be so influenced save by a passion and a power transcending the limitations of the mind.

Felix Adler is not without either such power or such passion. When he speaks, the hearer cannot but feel the mighty undercurrent of both in all he says. But he has so restrained and schooled and

dammed them that they have lost the fire of contagion. The power is held too closely in check; the passion is too cold. There is light but no heat in them. They do not touch men's hearts.

That is why the Ethical Culture Movement, strong as it is in some ways, with branches in half a dozen of the larger American cities, and with one or two corresponding societies abroad, has not made the impact nor had the influence on modern thought which it might have had. There is a juicelessness, a love of humanity rather than of man, a lack of the warmth of unreflecting love about it, which, despite its manifold good works and its manifest worth, alienate and repel rather than draw and win men to it.

But what of its leader? In what measure has he shared in the failure, or rather the failings of the movement he inaugurated? How completely does he stand or fall with the work which derives wholly from him? One need not attempt to prophesy what Felix Adler's place will be in the history of philosophy, in the development of modern ethical thought, in contemporary religion. This at least is sure: that, though Adler prepared the way, only half consciously, for the somewhat pathetic spectacle of self-deception through self-surrender which

the Jewish Ethical Culture Society has presented, the influence like the personality of the man has far transcended the movement with which his name is identical.

Indeed Adler's real greatness does not lie in any of the things that he has done. True, as philosopher, educator, reformer, he has gained a unique place in American life. In social work he has unquestionably been a powerful and progressive force. With Theodore Roosevelt, Jacob Riis and others he led in Tenement Reform, and the first, best efforts for municipal welfare and civic decency in New York. He founded the first workingmen's schools, the first kindergartens; he was a leader in the earliest child-labor legislation and in the vocational school movement.

But the essential quality of the man, that which makes him a significant and luminous figure, is not to be found in these things. Not in his writings or philosophy, not in the movement he has founded, nor in the words he speaks, but in the man himself, in his *being* the secret must be sought. Some men are not equal to their achievements. Adler's achievements are unequal to himself.

A personality of spiritual majesty and light, one is awed in his presence; one does him unconscious

reverence. A reverence all the more remarkable because his are none of the external attributes of authority. A smallish man, shuffling of gait, insignificant of form. But his eyes are the eyes of a Buddha; his manner that of a seer; his voice vibrant with suppressed passion, the voice of a Delphic Oracle.

He does not move easily among men—for he is not one of them. Nor are men at ease or happy in his presence. On the heights of Mount Everest explorers have found the air too rarefied for long sojourning. On the mountain peaks of the spirit where Adler habitually dwells most men find a spiritual atmosphere that stimulates but that exhausts. Adler will not descend to meet. His friends and followers worship from afar. Nor is this remoteness, this aloof and unapproachable quality a wholly unconscious one. It is said that, when Adler returned from Europe after having received the Doctorate of Philosophy, his old friends and comrades, who naturally greeted him as Felix, were corrected and informed that he wished to be addressed in the future as Dr. Adler.

What is interesting about the story is its reported result. Another man making the same request would have found himself to be either hated or ridiculed. Adler was neither. His friends acceded to his re-

quest—and remained his friends! For what he asked of others was only an outward indication of an inward change. Already he had withdrawn into himself, begun that ascent of the spirit which was to carry him high, somewhat too high perhaps, above his contemporaries. One wonders whether, had he not made the request as the story goes, his friends would not instinctively and of their own initiative have taken to using the more formal title in addressing him.

Lest the foregoing seem to smack too much of arrogance of spirit, it must be made clear that there is much of profound humility in Adler, which maintains his spiritual balance. It is not an instinctive humility, not a humility of the heart such as one ascribes to a Francis of Assisi; like everything about him, save his instinctive passion for righteousness, it is reasoned, self-taught, slightly self-conscious. He is impersonally humble. His is the humility of the philosopher, not of the saint.

The story is told of a meeting of Dr. Adler with two or three other great ministers and teachers in the city of Boston. They were discussing various phases of the personality and teachings of Jesus, when the question was raised as to what each would ask of Jesus if he were to walk into the room. One

said that he would ask exactly what Jesus meant by the expression, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Another would inquire about the implications of Jesus' doctrine of non-resistance. What would Adler's question be? "None. I should be silent, lost in wonder and in awe."

The story is an index of the real power and greatness of the man. These lie in his depth of insight and understanding. When he thinks or writes or speaks on a subject, he goes just that little distance further which so vastly separates all that he does from the banal and the commonplace. His mind and spirit cut deep and true. In his public addresses one feels that any subject which he touches is illuminated a little more clearly than it had ever been before.

He speaks as he lives—simply. He rarely gesticulates; he seldom raises his voice. He never orates. Yet he holds an audience to a degree of rapt attention unequalled by any other preacher of our day. It is not the attention which the spellbinder, the player on emotions commands. It is an attention of the mind. For Adler does not speak at or even to his auditors. He thinks aloud rather, and invites them to join in communion with his thought. One feels that he is not so much trying to convince oth-

ers as to restate his own convictions to himself; that his eyes are almost turned physically within himself, even as he tacitly urges his hearers to turn their own vision inward. And if there is in him the power to move and to uplift men's souls, it is a power gained by no trick of voice or manner or emphasis, but arises simply from the utter serenity of his mind and the pure truth of what he says.

Adler's, one feels, is not a happy spirit. Outward success has crowned his endeavors. He has been acknowledged repeatedly as a leader of contemporary thought. As a professor in Columbia University, as Roosevelt Exchange Professor, as one of the Hibbert lecturers, he has been signally honored. But he has too profound a nature to take outer recognition too seriously. Like his judgments of others, his judgment of himself is stern:

"I look back on my life and its net results. I have seen spiritual ideals, and the more clearly I saw them, the wider appeared the distance between them and the empirical conditions, the changes I could effect in those conditions. I have worked in social reform, and the impression I have been able to make now seems to me so utterly insignificant as to make my early sanguine aspirations appear pathetic. . . . I scrutinize closely my relations to

those who have been closest to me—and I find that I have been groping in the dark with respect to their most real needs, and that my faculty of divination has been feeble. I look lastly into my heart, my own character, and the effort I have made to fuse the discordant elements there, to achieve a genuine integrity there, and I find the disappointment in that respect the deepest of all."

Adler's fellow-philosophers regret the fact that he did not devote himself to pure philosophy; their respect for his mind borders on reverence, and they cannot forgive him for the human and empirical setting that he has given to all the concepts he has evolved. For philosophy is a jealous mistress, and Adler has had the final audacity to use it as a means rather than an end, a means to an ethical end.

For that reason perhaps he will have made no lasting contribution to the history of philosophy. Let the academicians mourn. He has done something lesser and greater. He has given to the understanding of human life and to its living at least one fundamentally correct and essentially new insight, that of the necessity and purpose of frustration in life—of the dark splendor of spiritual tragedy. Splendor because frustration is not used in the pathetic but in the spiritually creative sense:

"First because there is partial achievement, moments in life at which the rainbow actually seems to touch the earth. Love and marriage, the completing of a beautiful work of art, the discovery of a new law of nature, the emancipation of an oppressed class, are examples. But these partial successes are presently seen to be partial; they are followed, or even in the moment of triumph, permeated, with the sense of incompleteness and the foreboding of new obscurities and perplexities advancing upon the mind. Yet essentially the doctrine is not a melancholy doctrine, because frustration, though a painful instrument, is yet a necessary instrument of spiritual development. We are not open to the reproach of dampening the zest and relish for life of those who are setting out to try the hazard of their fortunes. They shall put forth their best effort to succeed, but let them be so guided herein that they may meet in the right attitude of mind the disillusionment which is the condition of the revelation."

Adler himself has met it. It has brought him defeat and anguish of the spirit. Yet even at the worst these have not been unwelcome. For to Adler, release from spiritual pain, freedom from bondage, is to be achieved not in Nirvana, nor in self-

delusion, nor even in the hope of a future life, but in the very pain, *in the frustration itself*. "The peace that passeth understanding is that which comes when the pain is *not* relieved, which subsists in the midst of the painful situation, suffusing it, which springs out of the pain itself, which shimmers on the crest of the wave of pain, which is the spear of frustration transfigured into the shaft of light."

A noble doctrine this, worthy of being the last vision, the final insight of a great soul, of Adler Agonistes. For it is not too prying, too personal to attempt to understand Adler's word and world in terms of his own life. And these have been the terms of ultimate frustration—frustration which his greatness of soul alone makes apparent, which the grandeur of his spirit alone transcends!

AARON SAPIRO

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AARON SAPIRO

Lawyer, organizer; born San Francisco, Cal., February 5, 1884. Educated University of Cincinnati, B.A., 1904; M.A., 1905; University of California, LL.B., 1911. Specialist on law of cooperative activity and law of combinations; first secretary and counsel to California Industrial Actions Board, 1911–12; chairman National Legislative Committee American Legion, 1923–24; member of National Child Welfare Committee; counsel for National Council Cooperative Marketing Associations of United States; trustee of Institute of Cooperation. Instrumental in organizing cooperatives in United States including tobacco, rice, fruit, dairy, vegetable, and other groups; instrumental in organization of Canadian wheat pools. Awarded Richard Gottheil Medal 1928 "for the most distinguished services to the cause of Judaism during the year, 1927." Author: Standard Cooperative Marketing Act (adopted in thirty-nine states,) 1921–26; contributed articles to various magazines, law reviews, on cooperative marketing and its legal background.

AARON SAPIRO

LESS than two years ago Aaron Sapiro was known to the American public, insofar as he was known at all—his name does not even appear in *Who's Who in America for 1926–7*—as an organizer of cooperative marketing groups. Today he is internationally famous—as a Jew. The apology by Henry Ford for the charges which for seven years he had been making against Jews as individuals and against the Jewish people was offered by him not partially or primarily but wholly because Aaron Sapiro dared to call to account the world's wealthiest man.

Other men had denounced Ford from the pulpit and in the press. The so-called leaders of American Jewry had fumed and fulminated against him, quite without effect. Ford's hired Jew-baiters had viewed contemptuously their outbursts of wrath. They had openly boasted that no American Jew had the "guts" to bring suit against Henry Ford in the courts of his own state. And they were right.

No American Jew had had the "guts" until-

If this were a motion picture scenario instead o a prose study, one might insert at this point a "shot of its hero sitting at a desk on which were strew pamphlets and newspapers representing him as self-seeking charlatan and trickster and the hea of a gang of International Jewish conspirators. might be followed by a close-up of burning an righteous anger setting itself into a look of unalte able determination—determination to prove tha one American Jew at least did have the "guts" fight for his own and for his people's honor. Fo it was that determination, that purpose that move this latter-day David, armed only with the slin and stone of a clean record, to venture forth again the tin-lizzie-plated Goliath of Detroit.

Yet no legendary hero, no historic leader of forlorn hope, ever won a cleaner-cut, a more dec sive victory, or a victory greater in its effects, tha Aaron Sapiro's. Not only did he put an end to th most virulent and far-reaching campaign of ant Semitism of modern times, but his was the achiev ment, the first of its kind in Jewish history, forcing a mighty detractor of his people to retra the falsehoods he had uttered. The story of th achievement is well known. Christians as well

Jews watched its unfolding with the admiration which courage invariably evokes. Through it, in addition to having held for a time the center of America's shifting spotlight of publicity, Sapiro has become a part of Jewish history.

Unfortunately, however, history is more dull in the recording than in the making. Events and personalities are dehumanized by it, cast into set molds and forms; they lose their flavor, their vitality. A sombre, sanctified aura is cast over them, which, though it may edify moralists and pedants, fails either to enlighten or entertain ordinary men. Even its posthumously saccharinized favorites fare badly at this muse's hands, being on the whole far less white than they are painted. Nor will Aaron Sapiro in all probability fare better than the rest. A century hence, for he is not likely soon to be forgotten, he will be portrayed by Jews at least, as the composite picture of all the virtues: courage, wisdom, self-sacrifice, magnanimity, devotion. Of such qualities will history re-create his memory, a memory which this study desires neither to forestall nor to avert.

Mr. Sapiro doubtless possesses in some degree the virtues which will be ascribed to him. Certainly one would hesitate to deny them to any man ca-

pable of bringing a libel suit for one million dollars. But Mr. Sapiro is so much more interesting than the medal which is already being struck off by a grateful people, that one suspects the prospect of his canonization, if such a term may be applied to a non-churchman, does not unduly thrill him. He may indeed prefer—a flashing humor even in his public addresses relieves the obvious seriousness with which he takes himself—that his own generation at least be spared another boring legend of perfection, and come instead to know him as he really is.

Perhaps, and shrewdness is not the least of his qualities, he is keen enough to know that from such a course he has little to fear. For he is as unique as his achievements. And not even the story of his life is as vivid and fascinating as he himself.

Yet it is a remarkable story. Not that his rise from the orphan asylum and the street-corner match-selling poverty of his childhood is in itself unusual. In one form or another that story is as common in American life as is the use which aspirants to political office make of their own early struggles and hardships—a national passport to popular favor and esteem. Nor does it in itself signify very much more than the normal reaction of

the physically and intellectually fit in the face of obstacles.

The really interesting element in the life of Sapiro is not the success that he has attained, but the purposes that he has pursued. His aims have been even more significant than his achievements. One characteristic example: So extreme was the poverty of his home after his father's death that his mother was forced to send him with three more of her seven children to an asylum. Of that asylum he wrote many years later: "I was no longer Aaron Sapiro; I was 'Number 58'—a puppet in a cold unfeeling system that tended to squeeze the joy of living and the individuality out of any child. They fed us enough, such as the food was; but if someone could have come in to give us an occasional good-night kiss or to speak a kind word now and then, it would have meant more to us than all the food in the world. . . . Nobody seemed to care. The whole system was a dull routine without a touch of life or color."

In these recollections of Sapiro, recollections which might be paralleled by hundreds of graduates of similar institutions, there is nothing unusual. What is both unusual and significant is his reaction to his experiences there. When he finally left the

asylum, he left it not only with scars but with a purpose—the purpose of reforming the evils from which he had suffered. Nor was it a transient purpose only. Ten years later—he had never forgotten—it was achieved. Having written out and submitted to the president of the institution the worst of his grievances together with a demand for their redress, he was offered the post of superintendent. He accepted with the understanding that he was to have a free hand in whatever reorganization seemed necessary to him. Before he left that asylum for the second time, he had transformed an orphan barracks into a decently human home for children.

That in Sapiro which recalled his early sufferings not in terms of himself so much as of others was no isolated impulse. It is rather a dominant characteristic, a characteristic which is not so much one of charity or of philanthropy as of fundamental social-mindedness. Sapiro thinks in terms of groups. Personally ambitious, an individualist to his fingertips, the social implications of any problem or situation are always uppermost in his mind. It has been so all his life.

Upon his graduation from school, he went to the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati to prepare himself to enter the Jewish Ministry. But a year

before his ordination, he withdrew from the institution. Judaism and the Jewish Ministry, at least as he had been taught them there, seemed to him to lack the social vision and scope and purpose which he considered fundamental to religion worthy of the name.

Again, it was this social impulse and passion which first brought Sapiro into public prominence. As the commencement day speaker for his class in the law school which he attended after leaving the seminary, he chose as his theme "The Duties of a Lawyer as a Citizen." In the audience sat a number of California's and the Nation's leaders of progressive legislation, among them Governor Hiram Johnson. As they listened to his address, these men felt that here was something more than the ordinary platitudes of a commencement day oration. Broad social vision, an analytical faculty that was amazing, ardent moral earnestness and sincerity were in his address. A few months later the Governor appointed Sapiro secretary of the newly organized Industrial Accident Board.

In that office, he helped to draft, and later successfully defended in the courts, a Workman's Compensation Act which has since served as a basis for similar legislation elsewhere. And when, two

years later, he began to practice at the bar, he did not, like so many whilom reformers, quite forget the causes for which he had fought. In fact his law practice seems in many ways to have been a little out of the average. He made it a rule never to handle either divorce or bankruptcy proceedings. In the defense of criminal cases he consistently refused to accept any fee whatsoever.

His associates came to regard him as something of a legal Don Quixote. Yet there was purpose as well as method in what he did. Emerson tells of a library upon the lintel of which was inscribed: "If you read this, you cannot read that." Sapiro knew that if his time and energy were to be spent as are the average lawyer's he would necessarily lose sight of those social purposes and projects in which he believed. That he decided should not occur.

To infer, however, from this decision that Aaron Sapiro is temperamentally or by profession a self-forgetful idealist, the apotheosis of altruism, would be gravely to err in judging him. He is no selfless servant of mankind. In the Ford trial, Senator Reed spent days merely in the effort to prove that Sapiro, who had gone into cooperative marketing with an almost religious fervor, had done things utterly out of keeping with his protestations. Sa-

piro had said: "Next to religion, next to determining your relation with God there is no worthier thing under the sun to which you can consecrate yourselves than the work of teaching the American farmer how to pull himself up on his feet . . . how to do by his efforts the things that will give a decent standard of living in his home; so that by his own work, his children will stand with their heads up, with a chance for real education, with hope in their faces and become the finest, cleanest citizens in the entire United States."

Following which, as Senator Reed pointed out, Mr. Sapiro demanded fees for the organization of Cooperative Associations which ran in some cases as high as $100,000. A procedure doubtless a little difficult to reconcile with the almost messianic tone of the foregoing sentences, even though Mr. Sapiro was charging no more for his services than any good corporation lawyer would receive for a corresponding piece of work.

Yet Senator Reed's inferences of hypocrisy are as wide of the truth as are those appraisals which see in Sapiro a Prometheus of the prune growers, a Savonarola of the strawberry crop, an Andreas Hofer of the wheat fields, sacrificing himself and his personal interest upon the altar of agrarian re-

lief. The one estimate is as false as the other. Such work as cooperative marketing has never appealed to Sapiro either as a missionary task laid upon his soul by some higher power, nor yet as the means of self-aggrandisement and self-advancement. It has attracted him because through it his own social-mindedness has found fulfillment and satisfaction. And if a religious tone has crept into his advocacy of the causes he has championed, it has reflected rather his sense of the importance of what he was doing, than any ascription of religious motive to himself.

Sapiro had come under the influence of David Lubin, founder of the International Institute of Agriculture and pioneer in the efforts to improve farming conditions. The problem of securing a fair return for the farmer was at that time occupying Lubin's attention. New farming methods, improved implements had enormously increased the output of the farms of the country. But that increase had resulted in a less rather than a greater return on his products for the farmer. Obviously the difficulty was one not of producing but of distributing. What was needed was a sound economic method of distribution.

Guided by Lubin, Sapiro undertook a thorough

survey and analysis of the marketing plans and arrangements of various farm groups. He analyzed the factors which in many cooperative farm associations had led to failure. He correlated the elements of success in the different schemes. And from the cross-section which he prepared, he deduced one essential fact—that the problem of marketing, cooperative or any other kind, was basically one of organization by commodities and by commodities alone. The old type of cooperative based on locality, in which the wheat and fruit and poultry men of one district combined for their mutual interest, inevitably degenerated into price cutting against other towns and counties.

In response to the request of a number of groups of growers, Sapiro prepared a cooperative plan embodying the commodity idea which his analysis had shown to be essential. The details of his plan need not be enumerated here. But in addition to commodity organization, Sapiro insisted on two other things. First, control of the supply of the product to avoid the "dumping" on the market which involved price smashing and loss to the producer. Second, the forming of cooperatives which should not be simply "good-will organizations" to be patronized by fits and starts and discarded when-

ever the grower felt so inclined, but which should have all the binding force of any other industrial or commercial agreement.

Having prepared his plan, Sapiro proceeded to organize along the lines he had mapped out the groups which had come to him. It was no easy task. Immediately he encountered bitter opposition, opposition of all sorts. The buyers who had been used to the price-cutting methods of earlier organizations threatened to boycott the new cooperatives. Sapiro, controlling the flow of supplies of the commodity, forced them to accept his prices. Anti-trust and combination laws were invoked against him. He fought for and won the farmer's right to organize and to combine. Farmers themselves rebelled against organizations which should have absolute control of the prices that they could ask for their products. Sapiro stood by his guns, insisting that farmers respect agreements made among themselves just as they would respect agreements made with banks or the manufacturers of farm implements. As he put it: "We have made it more unhealthy to break a cooperative contract than to have the measles. We have told them (the farmers) that we regard cooperative contracts as more sacred than the bonds of matrimony; we permit no

divorce. And if they fail to live up to their contracts we go at them like a ton of bricks."

Every inch of the way Sapiro was forced to fight. He needs no pity. Opposition, obstacles, contests are the very breath in the nostrils of Aaron Sapiro. He does not seem to struggle to survive so much as he seems to live to struggle. Conflicts inspire and invigorate him. And blows fair or foul seem only to heighten the zest and the power with which he fights. Yet he is no truculent individual, nor even a natural lover of the smoke and steel of battle. His is rather the crusader's mind. The mind that identifies its own aims and purposes with divine will and providence, the mind which in a Bryan manages to envisage one's supporters as the only servants of the light, the mind which in a Wilson sees one's enemies as the enemies of truth, of justice, of peace, of humanity, the mind which cannot compromise with and will not recognize defeat, which can think only in terms of its own purposes and of their ultimate achievement, the mind which, though it may be dangerously narrow, is irresistibly effective.

Equipped with such a mind, fortunately balanced in his case by a wholesome respect for the importance of hard facts and cold figures, Aaron Sapiro

set out to "sell" cooperative marketing to the farmers of California. What he proposed was neither revolutionary nor bizarre. It was merely the application of business methods to a business problem, a simple economic remedy for an economic ill. But *as* he proposed it, and herein lies the genius of the man, it became touched almost despite himself by a dramatic, an emotional, an almost religious quality of zeal and fervor.

Up and down the state of California he went addressing farmers and growers, holding them enthralled not only by the intrinsic worth of his plan but by an enthusiasm which was torrential, by a dramatic sense which made the marketing of a barrel of apples more exciting than a Tale from Boccaccio and the signing of a cooperative agreement seem as vital to social justice and progress as the Magna Charta. It is difficult for anyone who has not heard Sapiro speak on the cooperative movement to understand the effect which he must have had upon his farmer-hearers. Never before had they encountered anything quite like him. The blue-black intensity of the man, accentuated by the mobile, restless hands, the darting and shifting though never shifty eyes, the eager air of seeming always to strain at some invisible leash, made him as effec-

tive a protagonist as any cause could have. As an interviewer wrote of him: "Even if you hadn't the slightest interest in cooperative marketing, you would become a loyal rooter out of sheer deference to a man who can believe *anything* as hard as he does."

Within five years such important commodities as wheat, eggs, milk, and fruit were being marketed on the Sapiro Plan with the State as a basic unit of association. The farmers of California were prospering. Rural conditions improved overnight. And as a result the improved-mousetrap-hunting world of Thoreau was not slow to beat a path to Sapiro's door. If cooperative marketing could solve the farmer's problem in California, might it not be applied to the cotton growers of Louisiana, to the tobacco planters of Connecticut, to the wheat raisers of Manitoba, with similar results?

Aaron Sapiro believed that it could and proceeded to act upon his belief. From California to Maine, from Canada to the far South he journeyed, carrying the gospel of the cooperative. He began to think in terms of the time when the farmers of America should be as well organized as were its railway men or its garment workers. Moreover, Sapiro was quick to see that the State could no more

fought every inch of the way over which he had come during his life; self-respect which he felt he must renounce were he to take without protest the things which Ford was writing about him. There was the element of his conscious pride as a father, which determined him not to suffer a record to stand, in the light of which his children might later be taunted.

And there was—it bulks largest of all—his Jewishness. That ran deep. The background of an intensely Jewish home, the memory of a mother whose one wish for him had been that he should do something for his people worthy of the distant rabbinic ancestor whom she revered, the years in the Jewish seminary which—despite his failure to enter the ministry—had directed the thought and colored the feeling of his youth, a deep sense of oneness with his people's life, all these impelled him to the decision which he made.

Sapiro knew that, despite the timid disavowals of some wealthy and powerful Jews who sought to dissuade him from his purpose, it would be primarily a Jewish case. Jews and non-Jews would alike view it so. Though he brought libel suit in his own name and though technically he would win or lose as an individual, he realized that infinitely more

than himself was at stake. Opposed to him would be ranged the powers of ignorance and of superstition, of religious intolerance and of racial prejudice—a formidable array! And the yearning of a people for understanding, for justice, and for justification, their memory of an infinity of wrongs done them in the past, their ever-renewed hope for the future, would speak through every word he said.

He knew, as he put it, that the chances would be overwhelmingly against his recovering any material damages from Ford. At best he could hope for a moral vindication for himself. But he also believed the chances would be overwhelmingly in favor of his showing that the charges of a Jewish conspiracy were ludicrously false; that, if once he got Mr. Ford on the witness stand, he could wring from him either the admission that he knew nothing of the charges that had been made in his name, or if he did know, demand from him the proofs of what he had alleged—proofs which being non-existent would not be forthcoming. And if, as Sapiro held, Ford were once shown to be either ignorant of what he had done or incapable of substantiating the charges he had made, his whole anti-Semitic campaign of slander and of detraction would be exposed for what it was—either ignorance or malice.

The trial that followed, the complete failure of Ford's lawyers to uncover a scintilla of evidence to prove a Jewish conspiracy or even an individual conspiracy of Sapiro's, the technical mistrial which Ford's lawyers managed to secure when it seemed that Ford would be forced to take the witness stand, and Ford's retraction and apology to the Jewish people which followed a few months later, are the outstanding incidents in a dramatic episode too familiar to need detailed retelling.

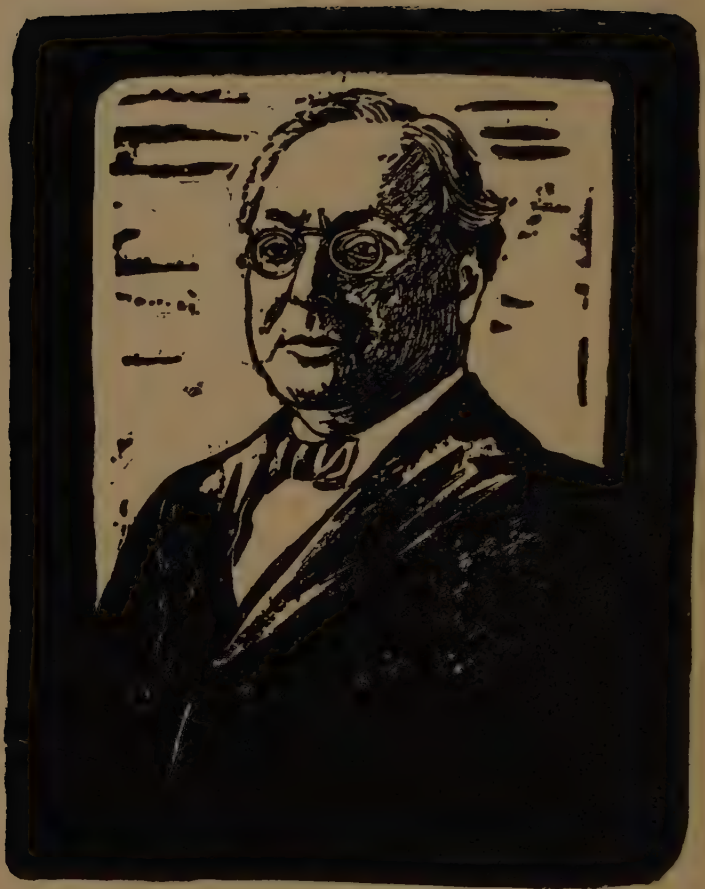
Never was a man's vindication more immediate or more complete; rarely has a man received greater homage for the doing of a brave deed than did Aaron Sapiro. Not only have the Jews of America hailed him in a manner which has at times lapsed into the hysterical, but the non-Jewish world as well has saluted his courage. Nothing evokes respect so much as self-respect. And Sapiro's act was primarily—let it be legendized as it will—an act of self-respect, personal, professional, racial, religious.

Moreover, it was an act utterly in keeping with the character of Aaron Sapiro—and it was something further. It was an act which only Aaron Sapiro could have performed. Except for purposes of poetry, Kipling's exclamation put in the mouth of the explorer, "Anybody might have found it, but

God's whisper came to me," is untrue. The whisper of God or of destiny can and does come only to the man self-prepared and self-attuned to hear it. Sapiro was such a man. No other Jew in America—and there are not a few with far greater gifts, many of greater resources and power and reputation—was prepared to dare and could have done what Sapiro dared and did.

What Sapiro will do in the future—he is still in the forties and disgracefully youthful in view of his achievements—it is difficult to predict. He has not the temperament to relax or to rely upon the reputation he has won in the past to smooth the road ahead. And one infers that he does not take the whole Ford affair as seriously as do some of his adulating co-religionists. He may, he must indeed, derive a deep satisfaction from the result of the months which he spent in the rehabilitation of his own and his people's honor. But he is far likelier to view that rehabilitation as an incident in, rather than as the climax to, his life. And though nothing which he achieves in the future may arrest the attention and win the plaudits of the world as did this one feat, one suspects Aaron Sapiro of regarding what he has done merely as the inevitable act of "a Jew with guts."

LOUIS MARSHALL



LOUIS MARSHALL

Lawyer; born Syracuse, N. Y., December 14, 1856. Educated Columbia University Law School; began practice at Syracuse, 1878; now member Guggenheimer, Untermeyer & Marshall; has argued many important cases in the higher courts, especially constitutional and corporation law; member Constitutional Conventions New York, 1890, 1894, 1915; member commission appointed by Mayor Low to investigate East Side conditions, 1902; chairman New York State Immigration Commission, 1908; counsel for Governor Sulzer in impeachment trial, and for Leo M. Frank in the United States Supreme Court; leader in movement for abrogation of treaty with Russia; mediator Cloakmakers' Strike, 1910, and prepared protocol of settlement which has since been the basis of numerous strike adjustments. Chairman of the Board and of Executive Committee Jewish Theological Seminary of America; president American Jewish Committee; president Temple Emanu-El, New York; founder Jewish Protectory and Aid Society; director Educational Alliance, Dropsie College, Philadelphia; president American Jewish Relief Committee; president of Committee of Jewish Delegations at the Paris Peace Conference, 1919; trustee Syracuse University; president New York State College of Forestry; chairman of Committee on Amendment of Law, City Bar Association of New York.

LOUIS MARSHALL

NO tale is more familiarly known or better loved in America than that of the country boy who sets out for the great city in quest of fame and fortune—and achieves them. In that tale and the variations of its dominant *Rus in Urbe* motif the American imagination takes a peculiar delight. Somehow it seems to epitomize that genius for succeeding which superficially at least is synonymous with America. It is the unconsciously chosen yet profoundly symbolic epic of our national life; an epic which multiple repetition both in life and in art has served to make more rather than less significant and precious.

Just such a country boy—though it is now nearly half a century since he journeyed from his home in Syracuse to New York City to fulfill the requirements of Columbia University's two-year law course in a year—was Louis Marshall. And as in the case of others there has gathered about him something of the traditional American aura of admiration for the self-made country lad, an aura

which the quality of his participation in public affairs and in Jewish life has done much to preserve. Since his upstate youth, he has become widely cosmopolitan, has had intimate contact with diverse types of persons and interests. And though his career is far too complex to be explained solely in terms of its rural background, no interpretation, no analysis of the man would be adequate which failed to record the deep impress which that background made upon his mind and life.

In a sense Mr. Marshall has never completely outgrown that background, has never, despite his many years of urban residence, become wholly citified. The simplicity of his habits of living and of thinking is the simplicity of the country. For Marshall is in the best meaning of the word a simple, a plain man. The mode of his daily life, his home, his clothes, his manner, suggest even today the unsophisticated, moderately circumstanced provincial far more than they do the wealthy and polished New York attorney.

But the earthy simplicity of Mr. Marshall runs even deeper than these outer tokens of the background of his youth. It touches his mind as well. It is a part of the matter as well as the manner of all he thinks and does. Throughout his entire ca-

reer he has retained a rusticity of outlook, a rurality of mind. It is particularly evident in the quality of his single-mindedness, of that intellectual economy which compensates for lack of mental flexibility and of dialectic subtlety by depth of feeling, by strength of conviction. Mr. Marshall is a man of few, and of fundamentally simple, ideas—ideas which he tenaciously cherishes and violently champions.

This quantitative limitation of the emotional and intellectual interests of Mr. Marshall is discernible in every major relationship of his life. It is the dominant characteristic of his legal career, a characteristic which largely determined what he is and is not as a lawyer. It has prevented him from being a great jurist (although he has been hailed as such by his explicably adulating co-religionists) great at least in the creative sense in which Holmes and Brandeis, Root and Cardoza and Stone are great jurists. The development of the philosophy of law, the formulating of the re-interpreting of legal concepts and legal processes has never seriously engaged his attention. He has offered no new insights into the constantly evolving and delicately adjusted relations between law and the other social sciences.

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Yet he has achieved, as he has deserved, the reputation of being a sound, even a brilliant jurist in respect to the one legal interest to which he has given his mind: The Constitution of the United States. From the earliest days of his legal apprenticeship in Syracuse, Marshall conceived a passion for the constitution which has never cooled. As a legal instrument and even more as a human document it appealed mightily to him as the sure basis of the best and finest values in the profession which he had chosen. For years he devoted a phenomenally retentive and alert mind to the intensive and detailed study of its genesis and history and development. And the more he studied, the deeper became his veneration. To magnify and to enhance the prestige of the constitution as fundamental to American life, to uphold and to interpret, but above all to defend its absolute authority as the supreme arbiter of legal and socio-legal questions, became the self-appointed task of Mr. Marshall.

That task he has fulfilled well—even when at times it cut across the grain of deep-rooted personal prejudices. For though Marshall by temperament and training and association is a conservative of conservatives, so complete and singleminded has been his zeal for safeguarding both the letter and

the spirit of the constitution that in its behalf he has championed causes which in every other respect ran counter to his deepest convictions.

He loathed and had expressed his loathing for Bolshevism and for Bolshevist doctrine, yet when the Lusk laws sought to combat what seemed to be its growing influence in America by measures which clearly violated the constitutional provisions for freedom of speech and of assembly, Marshall attacked and fought them with all the power at his command. Again, when an attempt was made to oust a number of Socialist Assemblymen from the legislature of New York, Marshall, to whom the doctrines of Socialism are little less than social anathema, undertook their defense because he believed the proceedings against them to be a violation of the constitutional principles of the right of self-government. Indeed so constitutional (in both senses of the word) a traditionalist is Mr. Marshall that he has clung in practice to that most difficult of the Psalmist's precepts, that of swearing to one's own hurt—and changing not.

But though Mr. Marshall has rendered several important public services in defending the threatened civil and religious rights of various men and groups, and though he has gained the reputation

of being one of America's leading constitutional lawyers, these achievements have not in themselves been either notable or unusual enough to warrant lengthy or detailed consideration. Nor have they been the outstanding achievements of Mr. Marshall's life. His real claim to distinction of service lies elsewhere: In his unique relation to the life and the faith of the Jewish people. Not Mr. Marshall the American, nor Mr. Marshall the jurist, but Mr. Marshall the Jew is a truly interesting and important figure. How important may be gathered from recalling that the Jewish interests and activities of Louis Marshall have been so many and so varied, his influence so ubiquitous, that in describing them it would be simpler to tell what he has *not* rather than what he *has* done Jewishly. For adequately to describe those interests and that influence would be to recount the story of Jewish life in America during the last twenty-five years.

Whatever can be said in criticism of Mr. Marshall's viewpoint on certain Jewish questions or of his methods of dealing with Jewish problems, and much can be said, there can be no two opinions concerning the sincere and utter devotion which he has shown in serving the needs of his people. Nor has his service of Jewish interests occuped a sec-

ondary or marginal place in the scheme of his life. He never insulted his people, as have some other so-called Jewish leaders in America, by offering to them the remnants of his time and strength. Once having sought and acceded to the position of attorney-at-large for the Jewish people, he proceeded to brief himself with all the thoroughness and care which the ordinary lawyer bestows upon his most important and remunerative client—which, if one consider it in any save the monetary sense, is what the Jewish people has been to Mr. Marshall.

Mr. Marshall has played so many roles upon the Jewish scene that one might write of him at almost equal length as statesman, educator, religious revivalist, philanthropist. But the one role which he has preëminently played and which more than any other has determined the nature of his Jewish service is his role as the defender of his people against wrongs and oppression. From Mr. Melville Dewey of the New York State Board of Regents and the Lake Placid Club to the Czar of Russia, Mr. Marshall with superlative self-assurance ventured forth to do battle. Whether before Congressional Committee hearings in Washington or at the Peace Conference in Paris he ceaselessly, earnestly, and, for the most part, effectively, sought to protect the

Jewish name and the Jewish people from every attacking force. Perhaps the best description of the main function of his Jewish loyalty is his characterization as the Watchdog of the Household of Israel, ever alert to sense the approach of danger to his charge, ever courageous in seeking to ward it off.

The Dewey incident was but the first of a number of defensive skirmishes and battles in which Marshall in the capacity of defender of his people engaged. Dewey, who was the Librarian of the New York State Board of Regents, had used the official stationery of his department to distribute circulars of the Lake Placid Club in which Jews were characterized as members of an undesirable and obnoxious group. Marshall, to whose attention the matter came, not only protested to the Governor against the action of Mr. Dewey, but demanded his removal from public office upon the ground of discriminatory prejudice against a large element of the citizenry of the state of New York. So effective and vigorous was his action that it compelled Mr. Dewey's resignation.

Of greater importance in its effect upon world opinion concerning the treatment accorded the Jew, was the part Mr. Marshall played in bringing about the abrogation of the treaty entered into in

1832 between the United States and the Russian government. After a series of protests to the President and the State Department he succeeded in 1911 in bringing to an end this treaty, under the terms of which passports of American citizens who happened to be Jews could be regarded as worthless documents. Similarly, as chairman since 1912 of the American Jewish Committee, of which in 1906 he was one of the founders, Mr. Marshall has taken numerous opportunities of helping to liberate Jews of many lands from civil and political disabilities, and of protesting against libels and slanders directed against the Jewish people both in America and abroad.

It was because of the outstanding part which Mr. Marshall played in these and parallel Jewish difficulties that he first came to assume a place of leadership in and dominance over Jewish life in America. For, from the first, though he never demanded or even desired gratitude and recognition for services rendered his fellow-Jews, Mr. Marshall was insistent upon absolute power and authority in his conduct of cases for the Jewish people. When he took over the post of general attorney for Jewish affairs, he accepted it with the understanding, on his part at least, that no associate counsel

be called in, and that the client was to commit without discussion the entire keeping of its affairs into his hands.

That understanding on his part, an understanding which events have proven to be in large measure justified, can be traced to two deep-rooted habits of Mr. Marshall's mind. The first is an almost megalomaniac confidence in himself; Mr. Marshall honestly believes that his own wisdom and judgment suffice to solve any problem with which it is necessary for him to cope. From this supreme self-confidence arises the other habit of his mind which has moved him to insist upon, and in part to achieve, undisputed sway over the major concerns of Jewish life in America: a profound disbelief in the principle of collective reasoning. Believing in his own absolute ability to handle difficult situations, it very naturally appears to Mr. Marshall as a regrettable waste of time and energy to take counsel with others. Men with whom circumstances have occasionally made it necessary for him to confer have remarked on his barely concealed impatience and annoyance, and on his almost equally evident determination to follow his own opinion regardless of the results of their joint deliberations.

Had there been other able and gifted Jews, will-

ing and eager as was Mr. Marshall to give of themselves to the problems and needs of Jewish life, it is doubtful whether the almost single-handed authority which he wielded and still largely wields over Jewish affairs would have been his. But there were not. Mr. Marshall stepped into a vacuum of Jewish leadership, a vacuum which he proceeded completely to fill. Yet it is not to the poverty of Jewish leadership or to the absence of competition that his influence in Jewish affairs must wholly or mainly be attributed. After making every negative allowance, and despite eruptive and blustering tendencies, which at times he displays, the fact remains that Marshall is a strong man —a man who would have imposed his will upon any milieu in which he happened to move, who would have assumed a position of dominance in any situation into which he came.

Whatever be the exact combination of circumstances, negative and positive, which led to what Dr. Hirsch of Chicago brilliantly styled the "Marshall law" under which American Jewry lived, there is no doubt that Mr. Marshall has had things largely his own way in determining American Jewish affairs. In the American Jewish Committee, a self-appointed and self-constituted board of gov-

ernors for the Jews of this country, and largely, through extension of its function, for Jews of other lands, Mr. Marshall's word has not seldom seemed indistinguishable from law. So also in the War Relief and the Reconstruction work of the last decades, in the determination of Jewish policy concerning immigration into this country, his has been the directing mind and will. Not without reason has Mr. Marshall been characterized as Louis the XIXth!

But though he has determined certain aspects of Jewish life for many years, it must not be imagined that his dominance or his dynasty has been unquestioned or unchallenged. During the period, for example, between Mr. Brandeis' entrance into the Zionist movement and his abandonment of active participation in Jewish affairs, the luminous quality of his mind and spirit overshadowed and dwarfed Mr. Marshall's leadership, as the very great must always dwarf and overshadow the near and almost great.

Even more insistent, because it was more conscious than Mr. Brandeis' inevitable eclipse of Mr. Marshall, has been the challenge which the Rabbi of the Free Synagogue has offered to his hegemony. Had this volume been planned in the Plu-

tarchian style of contrasting biographies, that of Stephen Wise would have necessarily been paired with Louis Marshall's. For though one is a layman and the other a cleric, the careers of both men present a striking series of parallels and contrasts. The first clash between them—and it is interesting to note that there has been no personal ill-will or rancour in the course of their many differences and disagreements—occurred more than twenty years ago. Mr. Marshall, who is today the president and who for the last thirty years has been the real spiritual as well as the temporal leader of Temple Emanu-El in New York, found that Rabbi Wise, whom the congregation had invited to preach a series of trial sermons, was far too vital and independent a personality to fit into their trustee-controlled-pulpit scheme of things. He made it clear to the young Rabbi that the congregation, which was desirous of engaging his eloquence, would insist that that eloquence be limited strictly to subjects and viewpoints of which it approved. Dr. Wise's declination of the pulpit under the conditions named and his subsequent founding of the Free Synagogue in New York were the first open challenge to Mr. Marshall's dominance in Jewish life.

From that day the two men whether by chance or temperamental difference or by the attraction even in antagonism of two strong forces for each other, have been on opposite and usually conflicting sides of nearly all public and Jewish questions. Some idea of the fundamental differences between them may be gathered from comparing the outstanding interests of both men.

Mr. Marshall	*Dr. Wise*
Temple Emanu-El, President of	The Free Synagogue, Rabbi of
American Jewish Committee (so-called autocratic control of Jewish affairs), President of	American Jewish Congress (so-called democratic control of Jewish affairs), President of
Jewish Theological Seminary (Conservative), President of	Jewish Institute of Religion (Liberal), President of
Politically Republican	Politically Democrat
Believer in priority of importance of European Relief and Reconstruction as American Jewish task.	Believer in primacy of Palestinian rebuilding and re-creation as American Jewish task.

But the real challenge to Mr. Marshall's leadership has come not from the spiritual ascendency of Justice Brandeis, nor from the always divergent and usually diametric Jewish viewpoint of Rabbi Wise, so much as it has grown out of a profound though subtle change which has come over Jewish life in the last decade and a half. It is a change equally significant in its bearing upon Jewish mass psychology and upon the nature of Mr. Marshall's leadership . . . a change which is not yet completed and which, though manifestly impossible of appraisal or description with finality of historic perspective, must, because of its intimate connection with the subject of this study, at least in its simplest aspects and its most obvious implications be analyzed and interpreted.

Twenty-five years ago when Louis Marshall first appeared upon and began to dominate the American Jewish scene, that scene presented a very different aspect from that which it bears today. The dearth of leadership reflected the poverty not only at the top but throughout Jewish life. Jewish life was meagre, defensive, fearful. Inner content, creative purpose, spiritual dignity, it almost wholly lacked. The older Jewish groups were so busily engaged in repeating the Jewishly anti-national and

anti-racial Shibboleths of Reform Judaism that they failed to notice that they were deceiving no one but themselves. The more recently arrived East European masses were so chaotically unorganized, so uncertain of themselves and their place in the American scheme of things, that their deep and instinctive Jewishness, which was later to play an important role in the shaping of Jewish events, had not yet made itself felt. The first stirrings of a conscious, creative Jewish life were felt and seen only by the fewest. Superficially at least, the philanthropic paternalism of Jacob Schiff and a handful of others seemed adequate to deal with every Jewish problem.

Just when and how the great change in Jewish life occurred it is difficult to say. Nor is it possible to point to any one event as its direct cause or consummation, though Zionism with its increasing insistence upon Jewish spiritual and national self-determination cannot but have been instrumental in hastening it.

But though it is impossible accurately to date its origin, the first articulate expression of the new Jewish mass-will to self-control and self-direction came in the early days of the war. The tragic sufferings, the terrible needs of the Jewries of East-

ern Europe aroused in America immediate and generous response. The Joint Distribution Committee (led by Mr. Marshall), an adjunct of the American Jewish Committee, threw every dollar and every man it could command into the alleviation of their woes. But as the war progressed it became apparent to the Jewish masses in America, who knew intimately the problems which in aggravated form were harassing their European brothers, that relief and charity might temporarily relieve but could not permanently cure the evils to which they were so pitifully subject; that only through a re-ordering of their political status, only in securing internationally guaranteed safeguards of their religious and civil rights, lay any hope for the future. And, most important of all—at least in its relation to Mr. Marshall—the Jewish masses came to feel that they must take upon themselves the task of securing that status and those rights.

Had the situation been less terrible, the need less urgent, it might not have been possible for them so completely to have taken matters, for a time at least, into their own hands. With almost incredible forcefulness, particularly in view of their former supine indifference, they informed the "Millionaire Management of American Jewish Affairs" that

they would welcome their cooperation in the tremendous task which they faced, but that they would tolerate no magisterial fiat as to the work which was to be done. In the teeth of bitter opposition an American Jewish Congress came into existence with the twofold object of safeguarding Jewish rights in Europe and advancing Jewish interests in Palestine.

When the Congress idea, championed by Mr. Brandeis and hailed by the Jewish masses, was first proposed, Mr. Marshall's attitude towards it had been superciliously unfriendly. For fifteen years he had been able without assistance to handle the affairs of the Jewish people; there was no reason to believe that he was incapable of handling them still. When a little later the sentiment in favor of a Congress had broadened and deepened, Marshall, together with his associates of the American Jewish Committee, did everything in his power to prevent its genesis. Yet as it became clear that the Congress was to be, and that either with or without their cooperation it would play a determining part in the settlement of the great Jewish questions which were at issue, Mr. Marshall and his group bowed to the inevitable. When in 1918 the American Jewish Congress commissioned a

delegation to represent American Jewry at the Peace Conference in Paris and to cooperate with the Jewish delegations from other lands, Louis Marshall, President of the American Jewish Committee, was a member of the delegation!

To say that Mr. Marshall was startled at the turn of events which placed him in the position which he occupied at the Peace Conference is to under- rather than overstate the facts. For not only did the whole Congress idea represent a philosophy of Jewish life directly opposed to his own, but he found himself committed to a program, with the two main purposes of which he had never been in sympathy—the furtherance of the Zionist ideal and the securing of Minority Rights for the Jews of Eastern Europe. Yet to his credit it must be said that Mr. Marshall played the game. Closer contact with the realities of Jewish life in Europe won him over not only to a formal acceptance but to the actual furtherance of the principle of Minority Rights. And though he did not lend enthusiastic support to Dr. Weizmann and Judge Mack and Rabbi Wise in their efforts to achieve the political aims of Zionism, his Zionist education, an education still in the process of evolution, began at that time.

The natural question as to why Mr. Marshall

accepted the mandate of a Congress of which he fundamentally disapproved and with whose purposes he was only partially in sympathy, throws into sharp relief two characteristics of the man. The first and the more obvious is that passion for power which all his life he has displayed. Monarchs have rarely abdicated as long as any other course, even though it involved a curtailment of their authority, lay open to them.

But there is another and finer characteristic than his desire partially to retain or eventually to reassume his hegemony over Jewish affairs, which moved Mr. Marshall to compromise as he did with the nascent mass-determination of Jewish life during the war days. A characteristic which arises from the quality of his Jewishness. Basically Marshall is far too much, too good a Jew to have done anything else. According to an ancient Jewish tradition no man, no matter what the cause, may cut himself off from the congregation, may separate himself from the main body and current of Jewish life. And Marshall—it is as true of his Jewish as of his American or of his legal mind—is a traditionalist.

As long as he could direct, could dominate, could control Jewish life without compromise or consul-

tation or opposition, he did so. But when faced by the dilemma either of taking no part in the struggle for Jewish causes and interests, or of taking a part which, by comparison with his former absoluteness of authority, seemed a lesser one, there was no hesitation on his part as to how he should choose. For though the habit of power is one which Marshall has not and never will overcome, the habit of loyalty to, and love of his people, is even more deeply ingrained.

The spasmodic impulse to self-direction and control which galvanized American Jewry during the war period and to which Mr. Marshall eventually yielded, quickly spent itself. Having accomplished its two main purposes with almost unhoped-for effectiveness, the American Jewish Congress, though it continued in existence, receded from its position of primacy as an instrument of Jewish self-determination. Much of the pre-war indifference on the part of the masses to Jewish problems returned. Mr. Marshall, Felix Warburg, Julius Rosenwald, and a handful of others, though they have never in theory reassumed the autocratic control which was once theirs, appear again to be the prime movers and directors of American Jewish affairs.

Indeed were it not for Zionism with its hold upon

Jewish mass opinion, their dominance would be as complete as ever. And even into the councils of Zionism they are beginning to find their way. Mr. Marshall, though he once rather sententiously observed, "I am something better than a Zionist or an anti-Zionist, I am a Jew!" has sensed that Jewishness and Jewish leadership which ignore the greatest adventure of modern Jewish history are contradictions in terms. And just as a deep-rooted love of power and an even deeper love of his people led him to accept the war necessity of an American Jewish Congress, so they are now leading him into Palestinian paths.

Not that those paths are wholly alien to him. The Bible lover, the pietist, the traditional Jew in Mr. Marshall are too strong for him ever to have been hostile or even indifferent, as have so many of his Jewish millionaire associates, to the land of Jewish national and historic origin. The only basis for Mr. Marshall's quarrel with Zionism has been with its philosophy of Jewish nationalism. Though he has never assented to the validity of that philosophy, he has been discerning enough to see that Zionism must be dealt with as a reality, not denounced as an error. And as Zionism gradually evolved from an aspiration into a *fait*

accompli, Mr. Marshall understood that though he might ever so strenuously disapprove of the theory of Jewish Nationalism, he could not as a Jew and a Jewish leader continue to ignore Jewish needs and achievements arising from it. His recently manifested willingness to enter into an extension of the Jewish Agency to be composed of Zionists and non-Zionists alike for the upbuilding of Palestine evidences this understanding.

Thus the real question concerning the relationship of Mr. Marshall and Zionism is not as to whether, but as to *how far* he will help in attaining its objectives. He and the group around him are able, if they desire, to do much for Palestine. But Mr. Marshall's leadership is far more effective in its defensive and its alleviative phases than it has been upon those occasions when he has sought to take positive and constructive Jewish action. Nor is it at all sure that in this instance Mr. Marshall, with the best will in the world, will be able to carry his constituency with him in the statesmanlike Palestinian endeavor.

Whatever the measure of his material service to Palestine, however, the result of the entrance of so forceful a personality as Mr. Marshall into Zionist councils is bound to have wide and far reaching

effect, alike upon himself and upon the movement. No one familiar with the man or with his record can doubt that he will assume a directive part in Palestinian affairs; the form that part will take is not so certain. For in Palestine, Mr. Marshall will find himself face to face with influences and tendencies which all his life he has disapproved. Jewish Nationalism, a strong Socialist Labor Party, religious, social and political radicalism, are forces too firmly entrenched there to be easily uprooted, too pervasive to be lightly disregarded. How will he deal with them? Will the educative process begun in Paris and slowly, intermittently continued ever since, go on to such an extent that he will learn to tolerate and to support, even though he may not wholly approve, institutions which ten years ago he would have vehemently denounced? Or will institutions in Palestine as well as world Zionist leadership bow before Mr. Marshall's commanding will, and alter the character which they have hitherto borne, in the attempt to ensure his unquestionably valuable aid?

Judging by the events of the last years it seems probable that there will be adjustment and compromise and concession on both sides. For Palestine and those engaged in its upbuilding cannot, it

seems, choose but turn for material and financial help to those who like Mr. Marshall are not fundamentally in sympathy with its deeper Jewish and spiritual implications. And Mr. Marshall, on his part, is aware that despite the prestige of his past achievements in the interests of Jewry, it is only through new endeavors in the cause of Palestine that he can possibly gain—what it is not too much to imply that he covets—not only dominance over American Jewish life, but world Jewish leadership.

NATHAN STRAUS

PRESSOIR

NATHAN STRAUS

Philanthropist, merchant; born Rhenish Bavaria, January 31, 1848. Came to America, 1854; educated Collingsworth Institute, Talbottom, Ga., Packard's Business College, New York; partner R. H. Macy & Co. department store, 1888–1914; entered firm Abraham & Straus, department store, Brooklyn, 1892. Retired 1914 to devote time to philanthropic activities. Member New York Forest Preserve Board, 1893; Park Commission, New York, 1889–1903; Democratic nominee for Mayor, New York, 1894 (declined); president Board of Health, New York, 1898. Originated and maintained until 1920, laboratory and system of distribution of pasteurized milk to poor of New York City. Originated and maintained chain of depots for distribution of coal, bread, and groceries to poor of New York, 1892–93; maintained system of lodging houses for homeless, 1893–94; founded first tuberculosis preventorium for children, 1909; appointed by President Taft, United States Delegate International Congress for Protection of Infants, Berlin, 1911; also delegate Tuberculosis Congress, Rome, 1912. Established soup kitchens in Jerusalem, 1912; established a health bureau with Pasteur Institute and bacteriological department for

Palestine; contributed toward sending the food ship "Vulcan" to war-sufferers in Palestine, 1915; president American Jewish Congress, 1918; re-elected 1920, 1922. Author: Illustrated volume, Disease and Milk—The Remedy, Pasteurization; various addresses on pasteurized milk and social problems.

NATHAN STRAUS

NATHAN STRAUS is become the rarest of things, a legend in and to his own generation. For more than thirty years the legend has been in the making, a legend built around the open purse and the open heart of a great lover of mankind—a legend based on fact, grounded in reality. The place which Straus holds in the affections of Americans of all religious and racial groups, and of tens of thousands outside of America who know and love him only as a name, was not fortuitously won, nor was it gained overnight. Through long years given to the service of great causes he achieved it. It stands today as part of a record which none may question or disturb.

Though the benefactions of Mr. Straus have not been exaggerated and though his love of men and his sympathy with them does not suggest as does the Rockefeller legend the ingeniousness of highly paid publicity agents, it is in something deeper than these things that the explanation of his unique place must be sought; in that legendary quality which emanates from him and all he does,

which everything concerning him evokes in the minds of others.

It is not, to be sure, a legendary quality such as that with which the inner turmoil and world-watched wrestlings of Tolstoi's spirit suffused his generation. It is not overpowering and flamboyant as was the Roosevelt legend, which, seeming so significant during his lifetime, is seen to be so comparatively insignificant now. It has not the spiritual beauty which, singing through every word and act of Gandhi's life and work, is building in our own time the mystic foundations of an immortal memory. The legend which is Nathan Straus is not so gripping. And yet in its own way, a way as distinctive and original as Straus himself, it partakes of their quality.

Behind legends there stand realities; behind reputations, men. And though in the case of Nathan Straus reality and the man do not belie the legend and the reputation, they are not identical with it. Bits of the legend are more fanciful, more attractive, than reality; the reputation, glamorous though it is, falls short in some respects of the man himself. Let us analyze the legend, let us make clear what parts of truth and what parts of imagination have gone into its composition.

A daring undertaking? Men are notoriously unfriendly to iconoclasts? And as to those who disturb or even question legends, what retribution shall not overtake them? Theirs is an even more than heretic sin. For though men fear the idols they erect and fear the consequences of destroying them, the legends which they build, they build with love —love not untouched by awe but free from fear. And love does not willingly submit its object to any scrutiny less partial than its own.

When for almost a generation, every act of Nathan Straus has been the subject of unstinted, at times indiscriminate praise, when men have vied in employing superlatives to characterize him, whoever would justly appraise him is reminded, even though he ignore it, of the pathetic wisdom of Lear's one honest daughter: "What shall Cordelia speak? Love and be silent." But, though rejection of the panegyric strain must seem comparatively ungracious, compensation for such a course may be found by recalling that in a line of honest criticism there is an implicit homage deeper than all the eloquence of unconsidered praise.

Moreover, the personality, the character of Nathan Straus is far too delightful and picturesque to be forever buried beneath the pompous enco-

miums of the testimonial volume and the philanthropic legend. He is deserving of a better fate. And though it is impossible for these pages either to predict or hope to assure it to him, they can at least testify to the existence of that other Straus, of Straus the reality, of Straus the man. They can hint at an individuality which is elemental, almost primitive, in its loves and hates; capable of antipathies as bitter as its sympathies are profound; an individuality impetuous, rugged, imperious. They can suggest that childishness in the man which so often sees problems and causes in the terms of private friendships or private enmities; which transforms personal loyalty from a virtue into a religion; and which is saved from wilful and intolerable arrogance only by a fundamental rightheartedness, equally childlike in its simplicity. And they can venture the suggestion that, in softening the edges, in obliterating all traces of shortcomings or blemishes in their portrayal of him, those who seek in this way to honor Straus forget that men are not cherished only for their virtues, and that even faults and failings may be woven into the fabric of deep love.

It will, for example, surprise those who imagine that from his earliest youth Nathan Straus had

been connected with great causes and charities to learn that he did not enter upon his career as a philanthropist until after his fortieth year. Until then, he had been known solely as a brilliant and honorable and highly successful merchant—and as a sportsman. He had been noted, together with his brothers, Oscar and Isidor, for the forcefulness and the integrity of a business career which, commencing with the payment of their father's debts, had developed into the ownership of one of the largest department stores in the world. Nathan Straus, nicknamed "King of the Speedway." owner of champion racing horses, was a recognized figure in the world of sports. But of the passion to serve men, which later became and remains the chief purpose of his life, there was no evidence save for those closest to him, who saw in private and intimate acts of charity the germ of what were later to become his great benefactions.

One incident, however, is significant. As one of the owners of R. H. Macy, which no more inexcusably than the other great department stores of New York underpaid its employees at that time, the case of two girls came to Mr. Straus' attention. They had been virtually starving themselves in order to earn enough to provide the care necessary

for their sick mother. The obvious and immediate charity which the case suggested and received did not satisfy Mr. Straus. Without going far enough seriously to question an economic system which made it impossible for two girls to support a dependent person without injury to their own health, he acted to prevent similar cases of semi-starvation, at least among his own employees. His social compromise was to open a dining-hall in the store at which a full meal could be bought for five cents!

That incident, its background and its result, are typical of the benefactions of Nathan Straus. He is not, he does not pretend to be, though others have made the claim for him, a statesman in philanthropy. To consider calmly and scientifically and impersonally what causes and what needs are most deserving of his interest and support would be as distasteful as it would be impossible for him. His giving has never been inspired or regulated by statistics. He has never taken part in the conventional charities of the rich. To give because others are giving or because it can be logically demonstrated that the charity is worthy has never been his policy. But let him see or know some great need, let some imperative cause come to his attention—an eager and hospitable attention—and his

response is generous and intelligent and complete.

It was in response to such a need, in behalf of such a cause, that he undertook the first great work with which his name is linked—the saving of children's lives through the pasteurization of milk. Like the other great interests of Mr. Straus' life, it arose out of a personal incident, an incident which in view of its consequences is not untouched by the ridiculous. Mr. Straus' cow died. Died suddenly, inexplicably! Mr. Straus became curious. He had never ill-used that cow, she had seemed to be in the best of health. Why should she have died? He ordered an inquest to be held. The inquest revealed that the lungs of his seemingly wholesome cow had been eaten away by tubercular germs. So much for Mr. Straus' cow. If there is a Valhalla in which the souls of departed animals who have greatly served mankind foregather, hers will be an immortal stall.

For, after her death, Nathan Straus began to think. First he thought of the terrible danger which his family and he had just escaped. And then he began to think of the whole problem which his cow's death presented. If, in his own carefully tended and cleanly kept establishment, it was possible for such a state of affairs to exist, what must

be the conditions of the dairies which supplied the milk of New York and of the other great cities of the country? He set himself the task of finding out. What he learned about the inexpressibly filthy state of the source of the city's milk supply shocked him and determined him to seek a possible solution of the problem.

The work of Pasteur had at this time—it was in 1892 that Mr. Straus took an active interest in the milk situation—conclusively proven what such leading physicians as Abraham Jacobi had long before sensed, that raw milk was unfit for babies to drink and that only through a process of sterilization could milk be made entirely safe. Working upon the basis of this discovery, Mr. Straus established a pasteurization laboratory and a depot for distributing milk to the city's poor, at the same time taking steps to compel the milk dealers to improve the conditions of their dairies. At first his work was watched with tolerant amusement by city officials and by the milk corporations. Nor did he himself at first understand the vast importance of his experiment or the far-reaching consequences it was to have. But as the laboratory and the milk depot began to correlate figures, as it became clear that among the children who were drinking the pasteur-

ized milk there was a drop in the death-rate which at times more than halved it, Straus came to realize the vital necessity of the work he was doing.

That realization changed the course of his life. He had begun his work in pasteurization as a philanthropist with an idea. When he came to see that upon the growth and spread of that idea the lives of countless children depended, it changed him into a fighter with a cause. Not that the combative or pugnacious instincts had ever been under-developed in Nathan Straus. Far from it. His is a natural, easy love of battle, public or personal, physical or moral. But here for the first time these instincts of combat were given aim, were pointed to a great end. The pasteurization of the milk not of New York City or State or of the United States alone, but of the whole world, became the battle-cry of Nathan Straus.

He hurled himself into the work with all the zeal of a fanatic, with all the effectiveness of a millionaire. He did not merely give his money. He battled with it. He was attacked by the milk trusts, by physicians jealous of the interference of a layman in a scientific question, by James Gordon Bennett of the old New York Herald. He was hampered and thwarted by municipal indifference and

official graft. Undaunted he kept hammering away. He attacked his attackers; he flooded the press, the medical societies, with pasteurization propaganda; graphically, dramatically, sensationally he put the case for the innocent victims of impure and unhealthy milk, until he literally stabbed the public awake to the crucial importance of the question. He did not mince words. In a letter to the presidents of the health boards of the largest American cities, he presented the facts of the officially countenanced infanticide of the raw milk supply; he concluded: "It can hardly be a fact indifferent to any of us who have the common instincts of humanity that there should exist within reach of our efforts of prevention a vast aggregate of constantly recurring suffering and death. The tragedy of needless infant slaughter, desolating so many homes and wringing so many hearts, lies like a dark shadow on our boasted civilization. It is nothing more or less than permitted murder, for which the responsibility must lie at the door of the agencies of government that fail to recognize its existence and demand its prevention.— The necessity is too great to be adequately met by private effort. Nothing short of an organization as broad

as the area of milk consumption will meet the case, and this only public authority can supply."

Few reforms have come about as quickly and as completely as the milk reform instigated and achieved by Nathan Straus. Within twenty years of the death of his cow, pasteurization became an elementary part of the preventative health measures of large cities; the lives of literally tens of thousands of children had been saved and the well-being of millions of children yet unborn had been assured. An astounding achievement, particularly when one recalls the amazing fact that Straus effected it single-handed.

It is an interesting commentary on the character of Nathan Straus that in his philanthropic work he has never solicited or accepted help from others. Most philanthropists, undertaking such a task as did Straus in his milk campaign, would have formed committees, solicited funds, sought out cooperation from other wealthy men. Not so Mr. Straus. His social-mindedness is individualized to the *nth* degree. The altruism which has marked his career is touched by an egotism which does not, however, so much contradict as supplement it. The benefactions of Mr. Straus belong to him and him

alone. For just as some men refuse to enter into any business in which they cannot control fifty-one per cent of the stock, so Nathan Straus has never engaged in any philanthropic work in which the greatest share of the burden and expense and responsibility did not devolve upon him. An egotism not very difficult to forgive or very hard to love!

This intense, if largely unconscious, individualism of Mr. Straus' benefactions is not due so much to the desire for personal recognition and gratitude as to a completely original personality. For Nathan Straus is an original, original in word and act, in every interest, in every association, in every understanding of his life. Conventionalism is effortlessly alien to him. It is impossible for him not to be unique, distinctive, inimitable. He is as independent of and as different from his fellow-millionaires, Jewish and Christian, as are the uses to which he has put his fortune. Hence the causes in which he has engaged he has engaged in alone, appropriating them to himself, making them completely his. And, there being no Sherman or Clayton act in the domain of beneficence, his instinct for monopolization has had free play.

Yet Nathan Straus, while he is an original in

that he follows no one in choosing the interests of his life, none the less possesses an unequalled capacity for living through situations which do not personally affect him, for experiencing the emotions of those he has never seen, for suffering vicarious woes. Though utterly independent in judgment and in action, he is a human receiving station for the sorrows and the sufferings of men. And the conflicts, the anguish, the tragedies which make up the human dramas which he feels so vividly, he transforms into forces which move himself and others not only to understand but to act.

These qualities in his character make him willing to stand alone for great causes even though they are unpopular or unknown. And it is to these qualities, perhaps as much as to any other factor, that the origin of the legend of Nathan Straus can be traced. Certainly they inspired him in the first great undertaking of his life, that work into which the milk of his human kindness flowed in such a torrent of generosity. And all that he has done since—his soup kitchens and his unemployment relief, his tuberculosis preventorium, and his wartime generosity—has only strengthened and deepened the legend.

Similarly, in the other great relationship of his

life, his relation and service to the Jewish people, the qualities of daring and originality have been evidenced.

Few men who have been hailed and loved by people of all creeds and lands and races could have belonged as outspokenly and as conspicuously to one group as Nathan Straus has been conspicuously and outspokenly a Jew. And, on the other hand, no other Jew, who has greatly served humanitarian causes without distinction as to race or faith, has so won the abiding confidence and love of his own people. Perhaps no man will ever achieve the same perfect combination again. Perhaps only the uniqueness of a Nathan Straus could ever have achieved it.

Yet there has been no deep struggle, whether conscious or unconscious, on the part of Mr. Straus to reconcile his broad humanitarianism with his almost fiercely tribal Jewish loyalty. He has seemed aware of no conflict between the Jewish and non-Jewish values of his life, between his insistence, on the one hand, on racial or religious distinctiveness, and, on the other hand, his passion for the common brotherhood of man. When the "Titanic" went down, bearing with it his brother and his brother's wife, Nathan Straus wrote: "The one gleam of

consolation I find in the darkness is the thought that it was a Jew and a Jewess who gave to the world this example of self-sacrifice, heroism and mutual love." Yet in the same statement, quite unconscious of the seeming contradiction of the two thoughts, he added, "In the Titanic tragedy, all creeds were at last united in the brotherhood of Death. If one could only hope for a brotherhood of Life! Why wait for death to teach us the lesson of human fraternity?" The love which Nathan Straus bears his people, like his love of mankind, is so instinctive, so spontaneous, as to transcend the limitations of formal logic or philosophy.

In his efforts to serve the Jewish people, Straus has not labored in the sustained, unwavering way which characterized the philanthropy of Moses Montefiore or Baron Edmond de Rothschild or Jacob Schiff. He entered comparatively late in life into active participation in Jewish affairs. Though he has given generously, more than generously in view of his means, to the needs of Jewish life, all of his Jewish benefactions total less than the one gift recently made by Julius Rosenwald of five million dollars to the Jewish colonization scheme in Crimea. In view of which facts, the place of primacy which Nathan Straus occupies in the hearts

of his fellow-Jews presents an interesting psychological problem. How account for the fact that no living Jew, rich or poor, statesman or scholar or philanthropist, commands the love and the honor which Jews everywhere delight to show Nathan Straus; that Jewish opinion, habitually, constitutionally divided, knows no two opinions concerning him, save for those rich Jews whom his words have indicted, whom his life has reproached?

Again the explanation must be sought not so much in what Mr. Straus has accomplished or undertaken in Jewish life, as in the character, the personality of the man. It is not so much *what* Nathan Straus has done in Jewish life, as *how* he has done it, that has so commended him to his people. The matter of the lives of some men is negated by a manner which repels. The manner of Nathan Straus has exalted the matter of his life from a plane of fine benevolence to that of loftiest service. To that manner may be ascribed much of his hold upon his fellow-Jews.

The first public token of the Jewishness of Straus came about in a curious, defensive way. Having been denied admission, because he was a Jew, to the Lakewood Hotel, he made up his mind to "show" the owners of that hotel. At great ex-

pense, expense which was never reimbursed, he and a friend first purchased the mortgages on the property, and finally took over and for a time held the management of the hotel, a procedure which was obviously neither a very exalted nor a very statesmanlike approach to the solution of the problem of anti-Semitism. But in its very crudeness and its simplicity there was a prophecy of the pride and of the self-respect which Nathan Straus has always shown in his people and demanded for them. Such another gesture—a gesture which Aaron Sapiro later had and took the opportunity to translate into action—he made when he challenged Henry Ford to lay his charges against the Jewish people before a jury of outstanding American citizens and offered personally to attempt to disprove them.

Straus' Jewishness was not, however, limited to the defense of his people from attacks and prejudice. He belonged to that generation of American Jews which was fatuous enough to imagine that if only the virtues of the Jew could be sufficiently advertised, if only the qualities which the world's emphasis on his defects had obscured could be revealed, if only outstanding Gentiles could be convinced or cajoled or constrained into rhapsodic

appreciation of the Jew—anti-Semitism would forever be destroyed. Nor did he in this respect penetrate any deeper than most of his co-religionists. He overlooked no occasion to "win friends" for the Jew. One of the deepest sources of satisfaction to him has been the pro-Jewishness, for which he was largely responsible, of the Brisbane-edited supertabloids. And no man has more ruthlessly excoriated those Jews who, to gain social advantage or economic ease, forsook the religion of Israel for a a commercially and socially profitable Christianity.

But though Nathan Straus has all his life in feeling and by instinct been militantly, even aggressively Jewish, it was not until he came into contact with the Zionist movement, until he commenced to aid in the great adventure of Palestine, that the constructive Jewish passion which has dominated the later years of his life made itself felt. The story of the first visit of Nathan Straus to Palestine is characteristic of his capacity for spontaneous enthusiasm. Together with his wife he was touring the Mediterranean, stopping at the conventionally visited "points of interest." He had expected to find Palestine such a "point." But he had not seen the land, nor did he know himself. Over an always emotional, easily stirred imagina-

tion the mystic beauty of the land and its people cast an enduring spell. "On reaching Jerusalem," wrote Straus, "we changed our plans. All that we saw in the Holy Land made such a deep impression on us that we gave up the idea of going to other places. Visiting the holy sights of which one hears and reads since childhood, watching scenes in life as pictured in the Bible, was most soul-stirring. From that time on we felt a strange and intense desire to return to the land."

It was therefore not long before the Zionist movement, aiming to rebuild Palestine as a Jewish homeland, won the adherence of Nathan Straus. For together with the sights which had so thrilled him in the land of his fathers, there had come to him a new insight into the needs and the dreams and the hopes of his people. Of Straus who had always been a Jew, Palestine made a Jew with a purpose —the purpose of helping to make it possible for his people "to test its mettle under freedom, and become the hammer of its own destiny once again instead of the oft-beaten anvil of the world."

That in supporting the Zionist program he was flying in the face of the concerted judgment or prejudice of his fellow-Jewish millionaires in America, did not disturb the independent and self-

contained spirit of Nathan Straus. One even suspects—it is not out of keeping with his character—that he found a certain joy in doing so. At all events, he gave immediate and daring and generous proof, by word and deed, of his new-found interest in his people's ancient land. And, though he has since rendered other and materially greater services to Jewish life than the first evidence of his love for and faith in Palestine, no one act of his life has so endeared him to the Jewish masses as his championing, at a time when it was anathema to wealthy and powerful Western Jews, of the Zionist ideal.

With all the zestful, uncalculating enthusiasm of a nature which cannot do things by halves, and to which reservations and qualifications in the service of a great cause are unthinkable, he turned to the new task which summoned him. At first his benefactions were palliative, remedial: the establishment of soup kitchens for the aged and the blind and the physically defective; workrooms in which unskilled laborers who had no other means of a livelihood could find employment; health stations which ministered to the victims of malaria and trachoma. During the war years when relief became the anguished burden of every message which came

from Palestinian as well as East European Jewry, he was among the first to respond and to arouse others to a sense of their solemn duty.

In America, Nathan Straus had tenaciously clung to the belief that the prevention and not the cure of medical and social evils was all-important. And as the development of Palestine continued, as the hope and dream of Zionism began to be consummated, he came similarly to feel that what the land and its people needed most of all was not palliation of sufferings arising out of a tragic past, but preparation for the heroic tasks of the future. He established a health-center, not for remedial work only, but for experiment and for prevention. He made possible the founding of a Pasteur Institute. To the efforts of the young farmers and colonists of the land, he lent moral and material support. He labored in the interests of the Hebrew University.

Palestine, and the Jews of the world to whom Palestine represents in microcosm the struggles and the aspirations of their own lives, have coined a name of their own for Nathan Straus: The Great Giver. It fits him well. For it refers not to the amount of his benefaction, nor to the institutions of steel and stone which he has erected; it refers rather to the spirit in which he has done these things.

World Israel has been quick to see that Nathan Straus is far more than an alms-distributor or a dispenser of charity; that his giving, although it clothes itself in the form of dollars and institutions and buildings, is in reality a giving of himself. And that gift his people has eagerly, joyously received.